

1911

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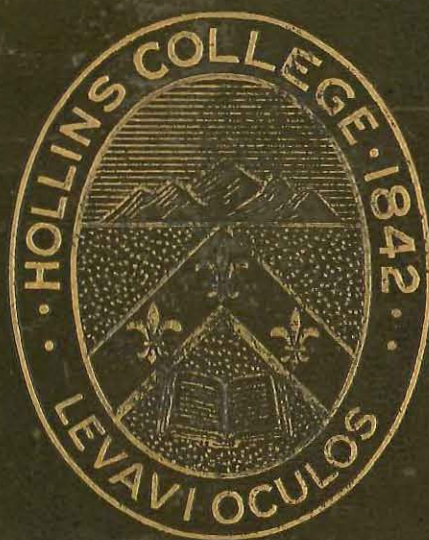


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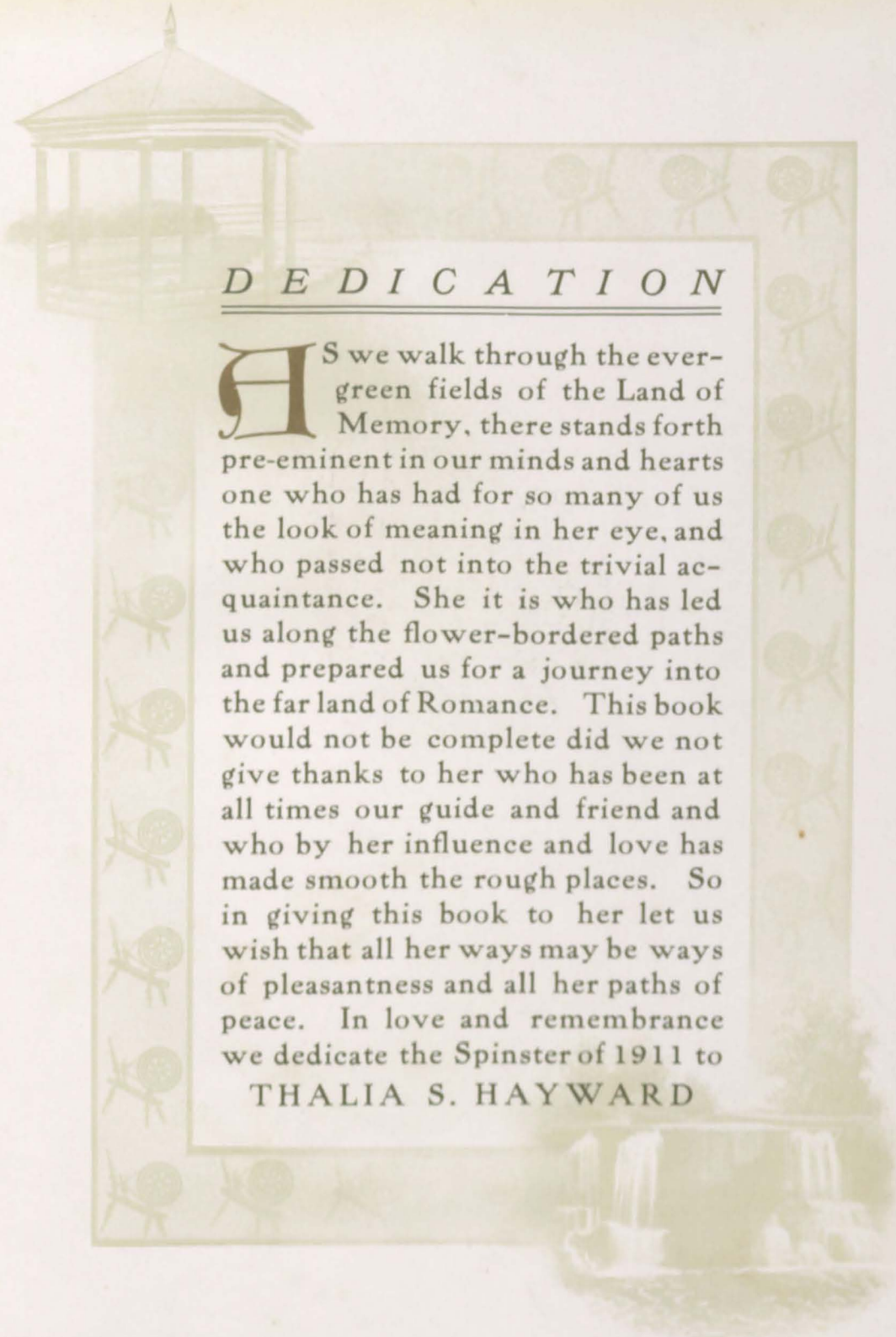




The SPINSTER



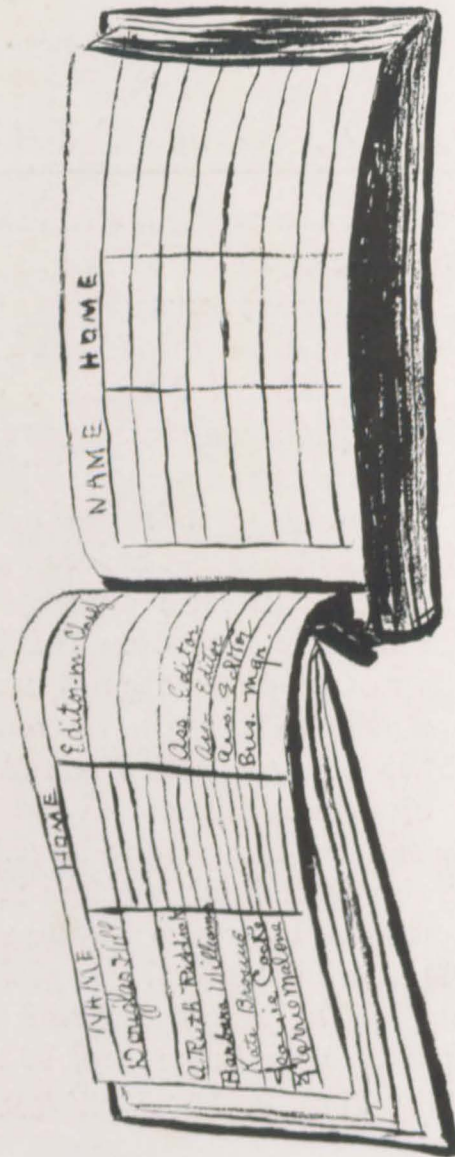
EDITED BY
The Students of Hollins College
VIRGINIA
NINETEEN HUNDRED AND ELEVEN



DEDICATION

AS we walk through the ever-green fields of the Land of Memory, there stands forth pre-eminent in our minds and hearts one who has had for so many of us the look of meaning in her eye, and who passed not into the trivial acquaintance. She it is who has led us along the flower-bordered paths and prepared us for a journey into the far land of Romance. This book would not be complete did we not give thanks to her who has been at all times our guide and friend and who by her influence and love has made smooth the rough places. So in giving this book to her let us wish that all her ways may be ways of pleasantness and all her paths of peace. In love and remembrance we dedicate the Spinster of 1911 to
THALIA S. HAYWARD

YE SPINSTER STAFF.



1911



SPINSTER STAFF

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Roll of Students

NAME	HOME ADDRESS	SCHOOL ADDRESS	YEAR
LAURA AGNEW	Burkeville, Va.	Main	3
	Σ Σ Σ; Virginia Club; Euzelian; Senior Class.		
ESTELLE ANGIER	Chicago, Ill.	Main	1
	K Δ; Yankee Club; Secretary of Illinois Club; Euzelian; Mohican Team; Freshman Class.		
MARIE ARCHER	Lexington, Va.	Waldorf	1
	Virginia Club.		
ELIZABETH AYERS	Knoxville, Tenn.	Waldorf	1
	Tennessee Club; Big Four; Midnight Scholar.		
ELLEN BAKER	Berryville, Va.	Waldorf	2
	Virginia Club; T. S. O.; Night Hawk.		
STELLA BALDWIN	Appleton City, Mo.	Tinnymment	3
	K K K; Vice President Missouri Club; Senior Class; Ada; Joker; Yemassee Team; Yankee Club; D-R-A-G-O-N; Vice President Athletic Association; Vice President Euepian Society Lee Evening; Business Manager of the <i>Magazine</i> , '10-11; Striker; D.—F. F.		
FLORENCE BARLOW	Urbana, Ohio	Waldorf	3
	Γ O Π; Buckeye Club; Yankee Club; Euzelian; Masker; T. A. R.; D.—F. F.; Night Hawk; Striker.		
ELEANOR BARNES	Decatur, Ill.	Waldorf	2
	Yankee Club; Illinois Club; Tennis Club; Midnight Scholar.		
MARGARET BASSELL	Lost Creek, W. Va.	Waldorf	1
	West Virginia Club; Euzelian.		
EDNA BELL	Indiana, Pa.	Main	1
	Yankee Club.		
MOLLIE BELL	Memphis, Tenn.	Tinnymment	1
	K Δ; Tennessee Club; Euzelian.		
JULIA BLANKS	Clarksville, Va.	Waldorf	1
	Virginia Club.		
MURIEL BOONE	Shanghai, China.	Waldorf	3
	Cosmopolitan; Euzelian.		
MARY SUE BOWMAN	Staunton, Va.	Main	1
	Virginia Club; Euzelian.		

NAME	HOME ADDRESS	SCHOOL ADDRESS	YEAR
MARY BOUKNIGHT	Leesville, S. C.	Waldorf	2
	South Carolina Club; Euzelian; Junior Class.		
LOIS BRADSHAW	Dublin, Va.	Main	2
	Virginia Club.		
MAMIE BROOKS	Wilmington, N. C.	Main	1
	North Carolina Club.		
KATE BROSIUS	Marion, Va.	Main	3
	Vice President Virginia Club; Prophet Senior Class; Y. W. C. A. Cabinet, '10-11; Euzelian; SPINSTER Staff; Dramatic Club; Rock Family F. F. H.		
ANNA BREWER	New York, N. Y.	Tinnymment	3
	Φ M; Euzelian; Yankee Club; Striker; Dramatic Club; Ada.		
FLORENCE BROWN	Catlettsburg, Ky.	Waldorf	2
	Kentucky Club; Euepian; Midnight Scholar.		
ELIZABETH BROWN	Montgomery, Ala.	Waldorf	2
	Secretary and Treasurer Alabama Club; Euzelian.		
IRENE BROWN	Kansas City, Mo.	Waldorf	3
	Δ T B; Missouri Club; Euepian; Mummy; Joker; D-R-A-G-O-N.		
LOUISE BRUCE	Churchland, Va.	Main	3
	Virginia Club; Euepian.		
MARGARET BRYAN	El Paso, Texas.	Waldorf	4
	Texas Club; Cotillion Club; Night Hawk.		
JOSEPHINE BUCHANAN	Marion, Va.	Main	2
	Δ T B; Virginia Club; Euepian; Sophomore Class.		
ELOISE BUCHER	Urbana, Ohio	Waldorf	3
	Φ M Γ; Buckeye Club; Yankee Club; Euzelian; Midnight Scholar.		
HELEN BUCHER	Urbana, Ohio	Waldorf	1
	Φ M Γ; Buckeye Club; Yankee Club; Euzelian; Midnight Scholar.		
LOUISE BUCKNER	Erlanger, Ky.	Waldorf	2
	Kentucky Club; Euzelian; Secretary Y. W. C. A., '11-12.		
ALICE BUCKNER	Erlanger, Ky.	Waldorf	2
	Kentucky Club.		
FLORA BURACKER	Luray, Va.	Tinnymment	1
	Virginia Club.		
LALLA BURTON	Henderson, N. C.	Waldorf	3
	K K K; Tar Heel Club; Euzelian; D.—F. F.; Tennis Club.		
CARRIE BURTON	Henderson, N. C.	Waldorf	1
	K K K; Euzelian; Tar Heel Club; D.—F. F.		
MARY BYLER	St. Louis, Mo.	Main	1
	Missouri Club; Euzelian.		

NAME	HOME ADDRESS	SCHOOL ADDRESS	YEAR
CATHERINE CALLAWAY.....	Augusta, Ga.....	Waldorf.....	2
Φ M Γ; Secretary and Treasurer Georgia Club; Euepian; Sophomore Class; Tennis Manager; <i>Magazine</i> Staff.			
ELIZABETH CAMP.....	White Springs, Fla.....	Waldorf.....	2
T. S. O.; Euepian; Mohican Team; Freshman Class.			
ANNIE CAMP.....	White Springs, Fla.....	Waldorf.....	1
WILLIE CAMP.....	Franklin, Va.....	Waldorf.....	1
Virginia Club.			
VIVIAN CARTER.....	Fayettesville, W. Va.....	Main.....	1
Δ T B; West Virginia Club.			
LAURA CHAPMAN.....	Spartanburg, S. C.....	Waldorf.....	1
Φ M Γ; Vice President South Carolina Club; Euzelian; D.—F. F.; Masker; Junior Class.			
ANNA CHRISTIAN.....	Richmond, Va.....	Main.....	1
Virginia Club; Euepian.			
ELIZABETH COCKE.....	Brownsville, Texas.....	Main.....	1
Texas Club; Euzelian.			
MARGARET COCKE.....	Hollins, Va.....		
JEANIE COCKE.....	Roanoke, Va.....	Main.....	6
Δ P; Virginia Club; President of Senior Class; Captain Mohican Team, '10-11; SPINSTER Staff; Cotillion Club; Joker; D-R-A-G-O-N; Dramatic Club; Epicurean; Secretary Euepian Society Lee Evening.			
DELIA COHRON.....	Stuart's Draft, Va.....	Waldorf.....	1
Virginia Club.			
ANNIE COOLEY.....	Anderson, S. C.....	Tinnymment.....	3
Φ M; South Carolina Club; Junior Class; Mohican Team; Assistant Business Manager SPINSTER; Striker; Euepian.			
LAURA LEE COONEY.....	Atlanta, Ga.....	Tinnymment.....	3
Φ M; Georgia Club; Euepian; President Cotillion Club; Mummy; Masker; Striker; Dramatic Club; T. A. R.; Ada; Tennis Club.			
HELEN CORKE.....	Charleston, W. Va.....	Waldorf.....	1
West Virginia Club; Euepian; Mohican Team; T. S. O.; Night Hawk.			
JULIA COX.....	Berryville, Va.....	Waldorf.....	1
Δ P; Virginia Club; T. S. O.; Night Hawk.			
RUTH CRUPPER.....	Alexandria, Va.....	Waldorf.....	3
Γ O II; Virginia Club; Euzelian; Midnight Scholar; Tennis Club; Y. W. C. A. Cabinet, '11-12.			
ALICE CRAWFORD.....	New Orleans, La.....	Main.....	1
Δ T B.			

NAME	HOME ADDRESS	SCHOOL ADDRESS	YEAR
ADELINE DAVIS.....	University Virginia.....	Waldorf.....	1
Δ P; Virginia Club; Euepian; Mummy; Midnight Scholar.			
INA MAE DAVIS.....	Charleston, W. Va.....	Waldorf.....	1
West Virginia Club.			
MATTIE LEE DILWORTH.....	Gonzales, Texas.....	Tinnymment.....	2
Texas Club.			
MARY DIVEN.....	Anderson, Ind.....	Main.....	2
Φ M Γ; Euzelian; Yankee Club; Epicurean.			
MARION DUNCAN.....	Waco, Texas.....	Waldorf.....	2
Texas Club; Euepian; Midnight Scholar.			
HELEN DUNTZE.....	Memphis, Tenn.....	Tinnymment.....	2
Δ P; Tennessee Club; Euepian.			
LUCY EARLY.....	Waco, Texas.....	Tinnymment.....	2
Texas Club; Euzelian.			
LOIS EMBREE.....	Buena Vista, Va.....	Waldorf.....	3
K Δ; Secretary and Treasurer of Virginia Club; D.—F. F.; Euzelian; Masker; Mummy; Cotillion Club.			
MOSELLE EMERSON.....	Bellefontaine, Ohio.....	Waldorf.....	1
Γ O II; Buckeye Club; Euzelian; Yankee Club; D.—F. F.			
LEE FOWLKES.....	South Boston, Va.....	Main.....	1
Virginia Club.			
MARY DODD FOX.....	Roanoke, Va.....	Tinnymment.....	2
Δ T B; Virginia Club; Euzelian.			
HELENE FRIEDLIEN.....	Havana, Cuba.....	Main.....	2
Cosmopolitan Club.			
AGNES FULLER.....	Augusta, Ga.....	Waldorf.....	1
Georgia Club; Cotillion Club; D.—F. F.; Euepian.			
MARY GAITSKILL.....	Winchester, Ky.....	Waldorf.....	1
Kentucky Club; Midnight Scholar.			
MARGARET GARING.....	Lexington, Va.....	Main.....	2
Virginia Club; Euzelian.			
LOUISE GAUSE.....	Ft. Worth, Texas.....	Waldorf.....	3
Texas Club.			
LOUISE GILL.....	Petersburg, Va.....	Tinnymment.....	3
Virginia Club; Junior Class; Mohican Team.			
ETHEL GLENN.....	Ellisville, Miss.....	Waldorf.....	3
Euepian.			
MARY C. GRIFFIN.....	Atlanta, Ga.....	Main.....	3
President Georgia Club; Senior Class; <i>Magazine</i> Staff; Secretary Euzelian Open Meeting.			

NAME	HOME ADDRESS	SCHOOL ADDRESS	YEAR
JULIET GIBSON.....	Philadelphia, Pa.....	Waldorf.....	1
Σ Σ Σ; Yankee Club; Night Hawk; Euepian.			
AILEEN GOREE.....	Atlanta, Ga.....	Main.....	1
Georgia Club.			
KATHERINE HALL.....	Dyersburg, Tenn.....	Tinnymment.....	2
Δ P; Tennessee Club; Euepian; President of Freshman Class.			
MILDRED HARDY.....	Corsicana, Texas.....	Main.....	3
Texas Club.			
MARGUERITE HEARSEY.....	East Orange, N. J.....	Waldorf.....	1
Σ Σ Σ; Yankee Club; Yemassee Team; Euepian; T. S. O.; Historian of Freshman Class; Night Hawk.			
CONSTANCE HEINDL.....	Richmond, Va.....	Main.....	1
Virginia Club; Euepian.			
LOUIZE HOYT.....	Cincinnati, Ohio.....	Main.....	1
K K K; Euzelian; Yankee Club; Buckeye Club.			
GLADYS HUDSON.....	Montgomery, Ala.....	Tinnymment.....	1
K Δ; Alabama Club; Euzelian.			
MADLINE HIX.....	Norfolk, Va.....	Waldorf.....	2
Γ O II; Virginia Club; Midnight Scholar.			
SWANNANOVA HORNE.....	Clayton, N. C.....	Tinnymment.....	2
K K K; Tar Heel Club; Euzelian; Y. W. C. A. Cabinet; T. A. R.; Joker; Striker.			
ELOISE HARRIS.....	Hollins, Va.....	Main.....	
Virginia Club; Junior Class; Tennis Club.			
RUTH HARRIS.....	Spartanburg, S. C.....	Tinnymment.....	2
Φ M; South Carolina Club; Euzelian; Yemassee Team; Striker.			
HELEN HARRIS.....	Sedalia, Mo.....	Waldorf.....	3
Δ T B; President Missouri Club; Editor-in-Chief <i>Magazine</i> ; D.—F. F.; Ada; Joker; T. A. R.; President Euepian Society Lee Evening; Treasurer of Euepian Society, '10-11.			
RUTH HARTMAN.....	New York, N. Y.....	Main.....	2
Yankee Club.			
ROSE HEILMAN.....	Evansville, Ind.....	Tinnymment.....	2
Φ M Γ; Euzelian; Yankee Club; Vice President of Sophomore Class; Striker; Joker; Mummy; Dramatic Club; Ada; T. A. R.			
AILEEN HILL.....	South Boston, Va.....	Main.....	4
Virginia Club.			
DOUGLAS HILL.....	Durham, N. C.....	Waldorf.....	3
K Δ; Tar Heel Club; Euepian; Editor-in-Chief <i>SPINSTER</i> ; D-R-A-G-O-N; Masker; D.—F. F.; Ada.			

NAME	HOME ADDRESS	SCHOOL ADDRESS	YEAR
ANNE HINES.....	Alsdorf, Texas.....	Tinnymment.....	2
President of Texas Club; Tennis Club; Euzelian; Y. W. C. A. Cabinet, '11-12.			
JEANNETTE HUBBELL.....	Urbana, Ohio.....	Waldorf.....	1
Γ O II; President Buckeye Club; Yankee Club; Mummy; D.—F. F.; Masker; T. A. R.			
VERA HYLTON.....	Princeton, W. Va.....	Waldorf.....	3
Vice President of West Virginia Club; Euzelian.			
MARGARET INGRAM.....	Blackstone, Va.....	Main.....	4
Virginia Club; Euepian; Junior Class.			
SARAH JAMISON.....	Greenwood, S. C.....	Main.....	4
South Carolina Club; Euzelian; Secretary and Treasurer Senior Class; <i>Magazine</i> Staff.			
HATTIE JAMES.....	Silver City, Miss.....	Tinnymment.....	1
K Δ; Euzelian.			
LORETTA JOHNSON.....	Urbana, Ohio.....	Waldorf.....	1
Γ O II; Buckeye Club; Joker; D.—F. F.; Yankee Club.			
ALICE JOHNSON.....	St. Paul, Minn.....	Waldorf.....	1
Γ O II; Yankee Club.			
DOROTHY JUDKINS.....	Danville, Va.....	Waldorf.....	3
Γ O II; Virginia Club; Cotillion Club; Dramatic Club; Mummy; Masker; Midnight Scholar; Yemassee Team; Big Four; Night Hawk.			
HETTY LAKE.....	Laurens, S. C.....	Tinnymment.....	2
South Carolina Club; Euepian; Yemassee Team; Striker.			
MARY LAKE.....	Laurens, S. C.....	Tinnymment.....	3
Secretary and Treasurer South Carolina Club; Senior Class; Treasurer Euzelian Society; Striker; Rock Family F. F. H.			
DIXIE LAMBERT.....	Waynesboro, Va.....	Tinnymment.....	3
Φ M; Virginia Club; Yemassee Team; Euepian; Striker; Tennis Club.			
ANNABELLE LEWIS.....	Maysville, Ky.....	Waldorf.....	3
Kentucky Club.			
ALICE LINCOLN.....	Marion, Va.....	Main.....	4
Virginia Club; Euzelian; Senior Class.			
SUSAN LIPSCOMB.....	Auburn, Ala.....	Main.....	1
Alabama Club.			
JEANNETTE LOWNDES.....	Atlanta, Ga.....	Tinnymment.....	1
Φ M; Georgia Club; Joker; Euepian; Striker; Big Four.			
GRACE MCCOY.....	Sisterville, W. Va.....	Waldorf.....	3
Σ Σ Σ; President West Virginia Club; Euepian; Yemassee Team; President Athletic Association; Prowler; Night Hawk.			

NAME	HOME ADDRESS	SCHOOL ADDRESS	YEAR
KATE McDANIELS.....	Kinston, N. C.....	Waldorf.....	3
Tar Heel Club; Junior Class; Euepian.			
MILDRED McDANIELS.....	Kinston, N. C.....	Waldorf.....	3
Tar Heel Club; Euepian.			
HELEN MCGUIRE.....	Portland, Ore.....	Tinnymment.....	2
Φ M; Kentucky Club; Striker.			
CLARE MCCARTNEY.....	Barbour's Creek, Va.....	Main.....	1
Virginia Club; Mohican Team.			
KATHLEEN MCCARTNEY.....	Barbour's Creek, Va.....	Main.....	1
Virginia Club.			
PAULINE McCONIHAY.....	Charleston, W. Va.....	Main.....	1
Φ M Γ; West Virginia Club; Euepian.			
FLORRIE MALONE.....	Dothan, Ala.....	Main.....	4
Φ M Γ; President of Alabama Club; Vice President Senior Class; Joker; Captain Yemassee Team; Business Manager SPINSTER; Dramatic Club; President Euzelian Open Meeting; Epicurean; Rock Family F. F. H.			
GRACE MANN.....	Muscogee, Okla.....	Waldorf.....	1
Φ M Γ; Texas Club; Euzelian; Midnight Scholar.			
MARIE MANN.....	Detroit, Mich.....	Waldorf.....	1
A P; Yankee Club; Masker; D.—F. F.			
BESSIE MARTIN.....	Parkersburg, W. Va.....	Waldorf.....	1
West Virginia Club; Euepian; Freshman Class.			
DORA MEEK.....	Burke's Garden, Va.....	Waldorf.....	2
Virginia Club.			
KATE MEHLIG.....	Kokomo, Ind.....	Waldorf.....	1
Φ M; Yankee Club; Euepian.			
FRANCES MITCHELL.....	Mt. Carmel, Ill.....	Tinnymment.....	4
K K K; President Illinois Club; President Yankee Club; Euzelian; T. A. R.; Magazine Staff; Historian Senior Class; Joker; Striker.			
ELINOR MITCHELL.....	Mt. Carmel, Ill.....	Tinnymment.....	1
K K K; Euzelian; Yankee Club; Illinois Club; Striker.			
IONE MOODY.....	La Grange, Ill.....	Waldorf.....	1
Φ M Γ; Illinois Club; Yankee Club; Euzelian; Joker; Midnight Scholar; Mohican Team; Cotillion Club.			
ELIZABETH MOORE.....	Berryville, Va.....	Waldorf.....	1
Γ O II; Virginia Club; T. S. O.; Euzelian; Night Hawk.			
LURA MOFFETT.....	Waxahachie, Texas.....	Tinnymment.....	2
Texas Club.			

NAME	HOME ADDRESS	SCHOOL ADDRESS	YEAR
BESSIE MONROE.....	Brookneal, Va.....	Main.....	3
Virginia Club.			
KATHLEEN MONROE.....	Brookneal, Va.....	Main.....	3
Virginia Club.			
LOIS MONTGOMERY.....	Spartanburg, S. C.....	Waldorf.....	3
Σ Σ Σ; President South Carolina Club; Senior Class; Euzelian; Masker; D-R-A-G-O-N; Rock Family F. F. H.; D.—F. F.			
ANNA MUCKLERoy.....	Tilden, Texas.....	Waldorf.....	3
Δ T B; Cotillion Club; Masker; Euzelian; D.—F. F.; Secretary and Treasurer of Texas Club.			
WILLIE MUSE.....	Atlanta, Ga.....	Main.....	2
Φ M; Vice President Georgia Club; Euepian; Cotillion Club; Mohican Team; Joker; Striker; D-R-A-G-O-N; Secretary and Treasurer of Freshman Class; Y. W. C. A. Cabinet, '11-12.			
EMILY NETTERVILLE.....	Anderson, Ind.....	Tinnymment.....	1
K K K; Yankee Club; Euzelian; Striker.			
HELEN NETHERLANDS.....	Washington, D. C.....	Main.....	1
K K K; Euepian; Mummy; Joker; Big Four; Epicurean.			
KATE NICHOLLS.....	Spartanburg, S. C.....	Waldorf.....	2
South Carolina Club; Tennis Club.			
SUSIE NEWMAN.....	Huntsville, Ala.....	Waldorf.....	1
Alabama Club; T. S. O.			
MARGARET NEWMAN.....	Huntsville, Ala.....	Waldorf.....	1
Alabama Club; Euzelian.			
FRANCES OATES.....	Asheville, N. C.....	Waldorf.....	1
K Δ; Tar Heel Club; Mummy; Masker; Big Four; Midnight Scholar.			
ANGELINE OBERHOLTZER.....	Mont Clare, Pa.....	Waldorf.....	3
Yankee Club; Euepian; Mummy; Midnight Scholar; Y. W. C. A. Cabinet, '11-12.			
HELEN OLIVER.....	Memphis, Tenn.....	Tinnymment.....	2
K Δ; Tennessee Club; Euepian; Big Four.			
JULIE OWEN.....	Wilmington, N. C.....	Main.....	3
Φ M; President Tar Heel Club; Vice President Junior Class; T. A. R.; Euepian; Epicurean; Dramatic Club; Cotillion Club; Leader of Mohican Rooters; Masker; Y. W. C. A. Cabinet, '11-12.			
DAISY PACK.....	Bramwell, W. Va.....	Waldorf.....	3
West Virginia Club; Euzelian; Junior Class.			
HAZEL PAYNE.....	Columbus, Ga.....	Waldorf.....	1
Georgia Club.			

NAME	HOME ADDRESS	SCHOOL ADDRESS	YEAR
MARGARET PHILLIPS.....	Suffolk, Va.....	Waldorf.....	2
A P; Virginia Club; Euepian; D.—F. F.; Cotillion Club; Joker; Ada; Dramatic Club; D-R-A-G-O-N.			
JESSIE PEASE.....	Chicago, Ill.....	Tinnymment.....	1
Illinois Club; Yankee Club; Euepian.			
LOUISE PEPPER.....	Winston-Salem, N. C.....	Main.....	2
K Δ; Tar Heel Club; Euepian; Vice President Freshman Class.			
JESSIE PERKINS.....	Princeton, W. Va.....	Waldorf.....	2
West Virginia Club; Euzelian; Sophomore Class.			
EDITH PIPKIN.....	Reidsville, N. C.....	Waldorf.....	3
Tar Heel Club; Euzelian; Junior Class.			
AGNES PONS.....	Asheville, N. C.....	Main.....	1
Tar Heel Club.			
DOROTHY PORTER.....	Newark, Del.....	Waldorf.....	1
Σ Σ Σ; Yankee Club; Euepian; Night Hawk.			
AUGUSTA PLUMLEY.....	Hinton, W. Va.....	Main.....	1
West Virginia Club; Euzelian.			
EVELYN REYNOLDS.....	Montgomery, Ala.....	Waldorf.....	1
Φ M; Alabama Club; Big Four.			
ELIZABETH REYNOLDS.....	Camden, N. J.....	Tinnymment.....	2
Yankee Club.			
RUTH RIDDICK.....	Norfolk, Va.....	Waldorf.....	3
Γ O II; President Virginia Club; Euepian; Chairman Student Body; Senior Class; SPINSTER Staff; D.—F. F.; D-R-A-G-O-N; Rock Family F. F. H.			
MABEL ROBERTS.....	Norfolk, Va.....	Tinnymment.....	2
Virginia Club; Euepian; Tennis Club.			
ANNETTE ROBERTS.....	Norfolk, Va.....	Tinnymment.....	2
Virginia Club; Euepian; Tennis Club.			
SUSIE BOYD ROBERTS.....	Duprees, Va.....	Tinnymment.....	3
Virginia Club; Euepian; Junior Class.			
HELEN ROBERTSON.....	Cincinnati, Ohio.....	Main.....	1
Yankee Club; Euzelian.			
ELMA ROSSER.....	Dallas, Texas.....	Waldorf.....	2
Γ O II; Texas Club; Euzelian; Night Hawk; Cotillion Club; Masker; D.—F. F.; Dramatic Club.			
MADA ROUNTREE.....	Quitman, Ga.....	Tinnymment.....	3
Φ M; Georgia Club; Euzelian; Junior Class; Yemassee Team; Masker; Striker; D-R-A-G-O-N; Y. W. C. A. Cabinet, '11-12.			

NAME	HOME ADDRESS	SCHOOL ADDRESS	YEAR
COURTNEY RUDD.....	San Juan, Porto Rico.....	Main.....	3
K K K; President Cosmopolitan Club; Euzelian; Treasurer of Student Body; Sophomore Class; President Y. W. C. A., '11-12.			
CONSTANCE RUSBY.....	Newark, N. J.....	Waldorf.....	1
A P; Yankee Club; T. S. O.; Night Hawk.			
HAZEL RUSSELL.....	Ocean Springs, Miss.....	Main.....	2
K K K; Euepian; Junior Class; Yemassee Team; Joker; Mummy; Ada; Dramatic Club; D-R-A-G-O-N; Epicurean.			
MARGUERITE RUST.....	Wharton, Texas.....	Main.....	1
Texas Club; Euzelian.			
HALLIE RUST.....	Wharton, Texas.....	Main.....	1
Texas Club; Euzelian.			
BEATRICE SCOVAL.....	Haddonfield, N. J.....	Tinnymment.....	1
ELEANOR SCULL.....	South Bethlehem, Pa.....	Waldorf.....	1
Yankee Club.			
EMILIE SCHOEW.....	Bramwell, W. Va.....	Waldorf.....	5
West Virginia Club.			
MARGARET SCOTT.....	Roanoke, Va.....	Main.....	4
A P; Virginia Club; Euzelian; Junior Class; Magazine Staff; Secretary of Student Body; Mummy; T. A. R.; Epicurean; Y. W. C. A. Cabinet, '11-12.			
KITTY MAY SETTLE.....	Centrاليا, Mo.....	Waldorf.....	4
K K K; Vice President Missouri Club; Midnight Scholar; Vice President Euzelian Open Meeting; Rock Family F. F. H.; Secretary Euzelian Society, 1910.			
RUTH SIMPSON.....	Norfolk, Va.....	Waldorf.....	5
Virginia Club; Euzelian; A. C. Class; Night Hawk.			
AGNES SHACKLEFORD.....	Jefferson City, Mo.....	Waldorf.....	1
Δ T B; Missouri Club; Joker; D.—F. F.; Euepian.			
DOROTHEA SHUPP.....	Philadelphia, Pa.....	Waldorf.....	1
Σ Σ Σ; Yankee Club; Night Hawk; Euepian.			
HAZEL SIMONS.....	Detroit, Mich.....	Waldorf.....	1
Γ O II; Yankee Club; D.—F. F.; Dramatic Club; Joker; Cotillion Club.			
MARY SIMONS.....	Detroit, Mich.....	Waldorf.....	1
A P; Yankee Club; Masker; D.—F. F.			
MAMIE SINGLETON.....	Union Springs, Ala.....	Waldorf.....	4
K Δ; Vice President Alabama Club; Secretary and Treasurer Junior Class; Ada; Masker; D.—F. F.; Dramatic Club; Assistant Business Manager of Magazine; Leader of Yemassee Rooters; Euzelian; Y. W. C. A. Cabinet, '11-12.			

NAME	HOME ADDRESS	SCHOOL ADDRESS	YEAR
NELLIE SMITH	Norfolk, Va.	Main	2
	Virginia Club; Euzelian.		
GERALDINE SMITH	Oklahoma City, Okla.	Waldorf	3
	Texas Club; Euepian; Midnight Scholar.		
AMARYNTHIA SMITH	Louisville, Ky.	Waldorf	1
	Kentucky Club; Euzelian; Freshman Class.		
MARGARET SPRATT	Richlands, Va.	Main	3
	Virginia Club; Sophomore Class; Tennis Club.		
HILDA SORENSON	El Paso, Texas.	Waldorf	1
	Texas Club.		
ANNEGENE SPECHT	Quanah, Texas.	Waldorf	1
	Texas Club.		
SARA STARKE	Richmond, Va.	Main	1
	Virginia Club; Cotillion Club.		
CONSTANCE STEARNES	Salem, Va.	Waldorf	1
	Virginia Club; Freshman Class.		
ALMERIA STEVENSON	Wilmington, N. C.	Waldorf	1
	Φ M; North Carolina Club; Midnight Scholar; Mohican Team; Big Four.		
ABIGAIL STOCKBRIDGE	Atlanta, Ga.	Main	1
	Georgia Club; Euzelian.		
DOROTHY STRICKLAND	Roanoke, Va.	Waldorf	1
	Virginia Club; Night Hawk.		
LUELLE STRICKLAND	Valdosta, Ga.	Tinnymment	1
	Georgia Club.		
ELIZABETH STRIEBINGER	Cleveland, Ohio.	Waldorf	2
	A P; Buckeye Club; Yankee Club; Historian of Sophomore Class; Cotillion Club; Joker; Yemassee Team; Euzelian; Epicurean; D-R-A-G-O-N; D.—F. F.		
SARAH TANNER	Charlotte, N. C.	Waldorf	2
	Σ Σ Σ; Tar Heel Club; Euzelian; Night Hawk.		
JOY TATUM	Shanghai, China.	Main	4
	Cosmopolitan Club; Euzelian; Junior Class.		
GRACE THAMES	Taylor, Texas.	Tinnymment	2
	K Δ; Texas Club; Striker.		
JULIA THOM	Sandy Spring, Md.	Main	5
	Euzelian; Poet of Senior Class; Editor-in-Chief <i>Magazine</i> .		
ELISABETH THOMPSON	Mont Clare, Pa.	Main	3
	A P; Secretary and Treasurer of Yankee Club; Euepian; Junior Class; Mohican Team; Epicurean; Mummy; <i>Magazine</i> Staff; Cotillion Club; Joker; Dramatic Club; Tennis Club.		

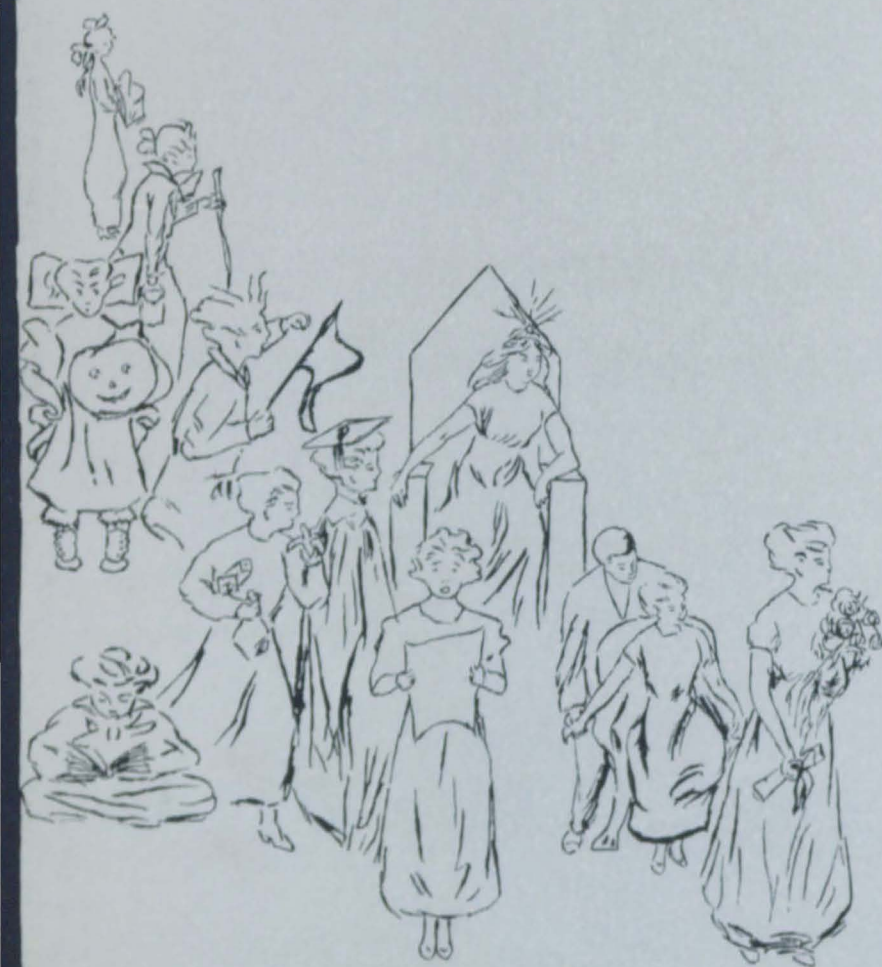
NAME	HOME ADDRESS	SCHOOL ADDRESS	YEAR
ADDIE THOMPSON	Orlando, Fla.	Waldorf	1
RUTH THOMPSON	Orlando, Fla.	Waldorf	1
MYRTLE THOMPSON	Montgomery, Ala.	Main	1
	Alabama Club.		
MARY THORNHILL	Paris, Texas.	Waldorf	1
	Φ M; Texas Club; Euzelian.		
ELLA JANE TRUETT	Washington, D. C.	Main	1
LAURA TUCKER	Lexington, Va.	Main	4
	A P; Virginia Club; Euepian; Mohican Team; D-R-A-G-O-N; Secretary and Treasurer Cotillion Club; Masker; Dramatic Club; Epicurean; <i>Magazine</i> Staff.		
MARY TYSON	Montgomery, Ala.	Main	1
	Alabama Club.		
ANNIE TYSON	Montgomery, Ala.	Main	1
	Alabama Club.		
MARJORIE WAKEFIELD	Dallas, Texas.	Waldorf	1
	K Δ; Texas Club; D.—F. F.		
MAY WALTON	Appomattox, Va.	Main	4
	Virginia Club; Euzelian; Senior Class.		
MELLE WATKINS	Minden, La.	Main	2
	Vice President Louisiana Pelicans; Euzelian; Sophomore Class.		
VIRGINIA WATROUS	Chicago, Ill.	Waldorf	1
	Yankee Club; Illinois Club; Euepian; <i>Magazine</i> Staff; Midnight Scholar.		
KATHERINE WATTS	Big Island, Va.	Main	2
	Virginia Club; Sophomore Class.		
MARTHA WATSON	Johnson, S. C.	Waldorf	1
	South Carolina Club; Euzelian.		
KATE WEBB	White Springs, Fla.	Waldorf	2
	Treasurer Y. W. C. A., '11-12.		
BARBARA WILLIAMS	Columbus, Ohio.	Tinnymment	2
	Φ M Γ; Yankee Club; Buckeye Club; Euepian; Striker; Masker; SPINSTER Staff; Rock Family F. F. H.		
LADYE WILLIAMS	Hernando, Miss.	Waldorf	1
ELIZABETH WHYMAN	Amarillo, Texas.	Main	1
	Texas Club.		
RACHEL WILSON	La Grange, Ky.	Main	4
	A P; President of Kentucky Club; Euzelian; President of Junior Class; Mummy; Epicurean; Vice President Y. W. C. A., '11-12.		
VIOLET WILSON	New Orleans, La.	Main	1

NAME	HOME ADDRESS	SCHOOL ADDRESS	YEAR
MILDRED WIGGIN.....	East Orange, N. J.....	Waldorf.....	1
Φ M Γ; Yankee Club; Euzelian; Dramatic Club; Joker; Yemassee Team; Midnight Scholar; Big Four.			
NANNETTE WILLIS.....	Augusta, Ga.....	Waldorf.....	1
Φ M Γ; Georgia Club; Eucpian; Night Hawk.			
DOROTHY WISE.....	Onancock, Va.....	Waldorf.....	1
Virginia Club.			
MARGARET WITTING.....	San Antonio, Texas.....	Tinnymment.....	1
Texas Club.			
HAZEL WOOD.....	Hampden, Va.....	Main.....	1
Virginia Club; Eucpian.			
CORA YOUNG.....	East Orange, N. J.....	Waldorf.....	1
Σ Σ Σ; Alabama Club; Night Hawk.			
HELEN YODER.....	New Castle, Va.....	Tinnymment.....	1
Virginia Club; Euzelian.			
MARY ZOLLIKOFFER.....	Richmond, Va.....	Main.....	1
Virginia Club; Euzelian.			



THUS it is that we shall look back through the clouds of years as the memories of one year troop before us in review.

So to assist us, as a guide to point out and explain the passing figures, this book, a memory book of the year 1910-1911 is given to the students of Hollins, that we shall walk again in the land of memory the scenes and faces that we loved so well may return to us in the likeness that we knew.



AT DAWNING

The candle flame burns blue, then fades away;
The wax runs down and smothers the dead wick.
How useless now, at dawning of the day,
The light that beamed so true when night was thick.



Class Poem 1911

Must we leave now the fold of these circling hills
Towering so green to the heavens above?
Must we leave thee, oh Hollins, as each heart thrills
The quick response to a deepened love?
Must we classmates part after four years passed
When our labor was lightened by loving thought?
And now that the goal is reached at last
In this the end we so long have sought?

Have we mounted the hills of our heart's desire?
O'er greenest of slopes, up their rugged ways,
But to find that beyond there lie ranges higher
That we must climb in these future days?
But the loyal love which classmate holds
For her college and class in her inmost heart,
A true inspiration which e'er enfolds
Will guide her still as we toil apart.

So we pause on the threshold to peer before
For vast seems the world to our youth today,
So we pause and turn, for each heart is sore—
Content were we in thy halls to stay.
Tho' we search through the world no such love we find,
No such comrades, such friends in its ways so wide,
Or where, if perchance we should fall behind,
Like thee, oh Hollins, so true a guide.

So reluctant we linger before we turn
To seek each one where her paths shall lie—
To the cares that will burden, tears that burn.
With peaks that point to the blue, blue sky,
Thou wouldst teach that even tho' cares oppress—
Tho' the soul may be bowed with its human ills,
Ourselves may free from this sharp duress
If we lift our hearts to these Hollins hills.

J. D. T.

Senior Class History



WANDERED about in a shadowy room, softened by the reflection of the lowering sun, and sought among the dim shelves for the volumes hidden there. In the afternoon I had read many thrilling stories of high adventure, of poesy—and now I was weary and had come to this more remote niche to seek that for which my heart longed and could not find. Now I was groping among the dusty volumes, for there was no guide to help me find the peace I sought—a book which should make me glad with the story of life, young and courageous. I fingered the faded volumes, one by one, but passed them all by. There were guides to the sunny land of Heart's Desire, another to the templed city of Worldly Glory, and yet another that traced the hidden ways to the Hills of Learning—but I wanted more. In despair I came to the last, but my heart was yet troubled.

As I turned away, my eyes fell upon a shelf, hidden from the passing glance, and upon it were lying books which were small and of many colors. I reached up and held in my hand a book, daintier and more beautiful than all the others. The leather was pure white, and upon it was traced in golden letters, "Ad Astra—1911." I turned the pages very slowly and read so eagerly that I forgot all else except the noble deeds of this Senior Class of Hollins. The Class of 1911 numbered but fifteen, and yet it was placed high above all others, for to these girls was to be awarded, on one June morning, the high degree of Bachelor of Arts. Their position was unique, for they were the first class to graduate from Hollins College.

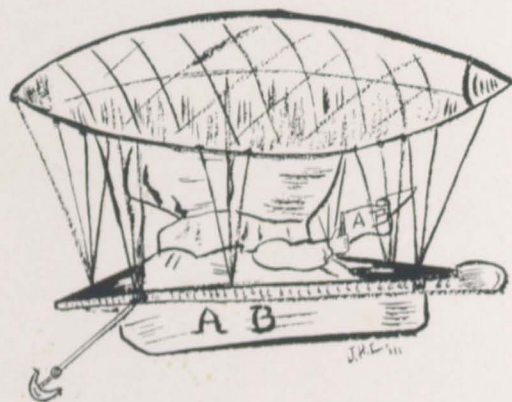
This little story volume snatched me away from all common thoughts and I followed intently the historical tale of ideals when hearts beat high, of friendships in youth under spring skies, of hero worship and aspiring endeavor. Sometimes the shadow of a disappointment or an

only half success fell across the sunshine of the pages, but always I felt that the story would end—All's well with the girls of 1911. In every chapter of the life of this Class, three characters stood a little apart from all the others. Ever inspired by loyal support, they had led the Class ably and lovingly through these years. It seemed a record, not of individuals, but of a band, working and playing in a harmony which had no discord.

I came to the close—and my heart was glad. I knew that I had found my ideal in the records of these Seniors of 1911, for they were, indeed, Seniors in Knowledge, Seniors in Nobility, and Seniors, still, in Victory. I had found the sunny land of Heart's Desire, the templed city of Worldly Glory; I had found the hidden ways to the Hills of Learning, but what keeps the pages from growing old is the message one may read of wide love and understanding that is held in each heart of 1911.

FRANCES R. MITCHELL, *Historian.*





THE SENIOR Sailing

COLORS

Yellow and White

FLOWER

Daisy

MOTTO

Ad Astra

YELL

Rackety yack-ty yac-ty-yac
 Rackety yac-ty yac-ty-yac
 Rackety-yac—Rackety-yac
 Seniors!
 Rah!

OFFICERS

JEANIE HARWOOD COCKE.....*President*
 FLORRIE ROBERTA MALONE.....*Vice President*
 SARAH CALDWELL JAMISON.....*Secretary-Treasurer*



Sing a song of Seniors, fifteen strong are we,
 And each Senior has her own peculiarity.
 So be we gay or be we sad, each trait remains the same
 And every trait is known as well as is the Senior's name!



JEANIE COCKERoanoke, Virginia

She wears a turtle o'er her heart, she's on the SPINSTER staff,
 Her finger's in so many pies, 'twould really make you laugh!
 She keeps us all in order, a hard job it is plain,
 And there's no one who could do it quite so well as our Jane.



FLORRIE MALONEDothan, Alabama

The "Arrow" and the SPINSTER don't in anyway agree
 As to which one was most worthy of Miss Florrie's loyalty.
 But she left them both to come before the footlights to
 entrance
 With her talent and her charm this eager Hollins audience.



SARAH JAMISONGreenwood, South Carolina

Poor Sarah! Hear her mutter as she hastens on her way,
 "So help the po'! I've got to get those dues all in to-day,
 And then there is that story that I promised I would write
 And give to Thom or Helen for the *Magazine* to-night."



LAURA AGNEWBurkeville, Virginia

She's our Hollins Senior baby,
 Cute little Laura Lolly-pop.
 She'd grow to huge dimensions may be
 If some of her darlings she would drop
 But while she adores her bib and Tucker
 We cannot hope she'll ever stop
 Singing praises of "precious Tucky,"
 Cute little Laura Lolly-pop.



STELLA BALDWINAppleton City, Missouri

Serious and wan from morning till night, doth Stella sit and
 work.
 Be it Latin or French or *Magazine*, her business she never
 does shirk.
 But notwithstanding the vast amount of work she's forced to
 carry
 She's just as able as any one else, when there's fun afoot, to
 be merry!



KATE BROSIUSMarion, Virginia

This maid, the joy of the Senior Class, has won both praise
 and fame,
 For Katy's wit and dramatic art will perpetuate her name.
 Although within the "Rock" nursery she's kept pretty busy,
 she yet
 Has some time left for the SPINSTER staff and Y. W. C. A.
 cabinet.



MARY GRIFFINAtlanta, Georgia

The learned in French—who classes taught so well we were
 delighted—
 Tho' we missed her from IV Lit. we could not feel she
 slighted.
 And she can make a sandwich as well as she can teach,
 And the way she can boss receptions! Oh, Griff is sure a
 peach!



MARY LAKELaurens, South Carolina

When Mary first came to Hollins she was meek as she could
 be,
 There's been a transformation, though, as you can surely see.
 She's come to be a typical heart grabber, if you please,
 But she still can blush quite prettily if you should chance to
 tease.



ALICE LINCOLNMarion, Virginia

This Maid—as you already know—
Is unusually petite,
And, although you cannot see them,
Owns two very tiny feet.
But even still more valuable
Than the pedal extremi-tee,
She receives a daily message
From the wondrous Grand Armee.



FRANCES MITCHELLMt. Carmel, Illinois

This wild-eyed maid is really sane altho' she may not look so.
What makes her rush around that way and take notes in her
book so?
That is the local Editor of the *Hollins Magazine*,
President of Y. W. C. A. and it's hard on her brain as seen.



LOIS MONTGOMERYSpartanburg, South Carolina

Some maids rush in from the city, and some from the North
come down,
But this blue-eyed maid just tiptoed in from a South Carolina
town.
She's our Senior class musician and can't even force a frown,
This blue-eyed little maiden from a South Carolina town.



RUTH RIDDICKNorfolk, Virginia

This little maid with gentle ways who seems so very quiet,
If you should chance along sometime—oh, she can raise a
riot.
Tho' Chairman of Student Body, she can surely make a bluff,
But take her altogether—she's got dignity enough!



KITTY MAY SETTLECentralia, Missouri

This maiden has a lover,
As doubtless you have known,
Some say his cognomen, indeed,
Is simple Mr. Jones.
So Madam Dupré Fielding Rock
Wears flowers fresh from town.
As Mrs. Jones—though 'twill be a shock—
Our Kitty May Settle down.



JULIA THOMSandy Spring, Maryland

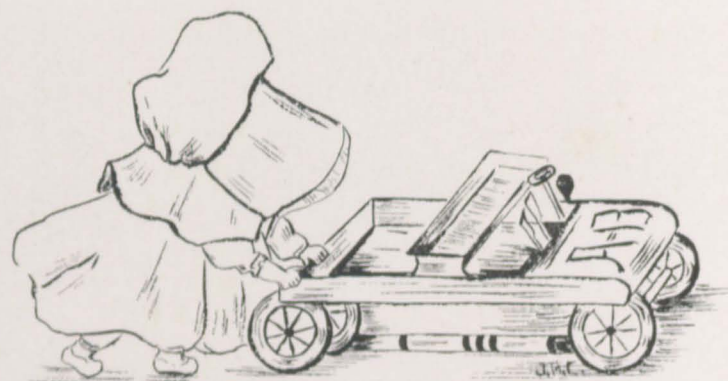
Who is the maid with hasty mien who stalks to the library
A magazine beneath her arm? Why she's enough to terri-
fy a trembling Freshman or Junior, for that matter.
Her eyes tell that she loves to squelch and none make you
feel flatter.



MAY WALTONAppomattox, Virginia

Whatever the weather, whatever the hour, whatever may be
the day,
Our Senior Billikin always smiles in just the same old way.
If you and I got ninety-fives or such once in a while,
As always does our Billiken, perhaps, we too, would always
smile!

Sing a song of triumph, for what one can't surpass,
Ten and five wise Seniors packed into a class.
When their Class Day comes in June, they'll all begin to sing,
And those ten and five old Seniors will make the welkin ring



One Javnty Junior

COLORS

Garnet and Gold

YELL

Dig and delve,
Dig and delve,
We're the Class of 1912

OFFICERS

RACHEL WILSON	President
JULIE OWEN	Vice President
MAMIE SINGLETON	Secretary and Treasurer
MADA ROUNTREE	Historian

ROLL

MARY BOUKNIGHT	GRACE MCCOY
ELOISE BUCHER	DAISY PACK
LAURA CHAPMAN	EDITH PIPKIN
ANNIE COOLEY	SUSIE ROBERTS
LOUISE GILL	HAZEL RUSSELL
ELOISE HARRIS	MARGARET SCOTT
MARGARET INGRAM	ELISABETH THOMPSON
KATE MCDANIEL	JOY TATUM



JUNIOR CLASS



One Superior Sophomore

COLORS

Black and Gold

FLOWER

Yellow Rose

MOTTO

"Gather Ye Rosebuds While Ye May."

MASCOT

Black Cat

OFFICERS

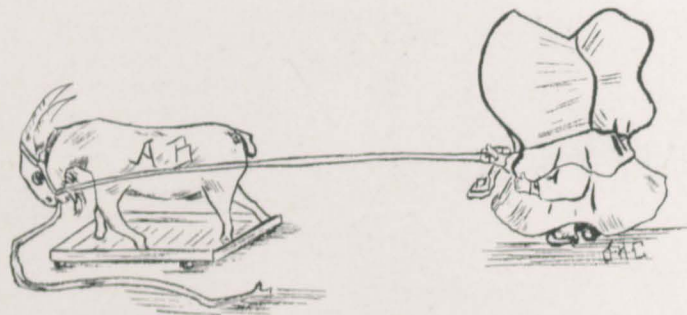
CATHERINE CALLAWAY.....	<i>President</i>
ROSE HEILMAN.....	<i>Vice President</i>
MELLE WATKINS.....	<i>Secretary and Treasurer</i>
ELIZABETH STRIEBINGER.....	<i>Historian</i>

ROLL

RUTH HARRIS	COURTNEY RUDD
KATHARINE WATTS	MARGARET SPRATT
GRACE THAMES	JOSEPHINE BUCHANAN
JESSIE PERKINS	



SOPHOMORE CLASS



One Fearful Freshman

COLORS

Maroon and White

MOTTO

"Ready For All Things"

OFFICERS

KATHARINE WALLACE HALL.....*President*
 MARY LOUISE PEPPER.....*Vice President*
 WILLIE HOWARD MUSE.....*Secretary and Treasurer*
 MARGUERITE HEARSEY.....*Historian*

ROLL

BESSIE MARTIN	MARTHA WATSON
ELIZABETH CAMP	ESTELLE ANGIER
AMARYNTHIA SMITH	EDNA BELL
CONSTANCE STEARNS	



FRESHMAN CLASS

THE RUG-BAZAAR



The Rose of Ispahan



LIGHTS began to flare in the rug bazaar, torches that flamed and wavered in the light breeze that blowing from the west brought as its burden the scent of the rose gardens it had passed. The heavy polychromatic rug that had hung listlessly all day in the shops now swung lightly to and fro, and the hot, blatant day gave place to the chill, fragrant twilight. Jenaid stood in the door of his shop and wearily sighed. It had been hot and the cool air was welcome, but the sickening heat was not as oppressing as the restlessness and weariness that had come upon him. Why should he waste his gay youth amid this mouldy old bazaar, reeking with the odor of dyes and dust, weaving, forever weaving one bright thread with another, all day in his ears the roar of the many looms where others like himself labored and sighed?

It was the month when almonds bloomed in his far away Afghan home, and all day across the sands the almond trees were beckoning with their softly colored arms to him, and behind them rose the misty lilac hills of Kandahar. It was cool there, cool and fresh among the hills in Kandahar. Would he ever go back? This was the question that tormented his weary brain and homesick heart. But, yes, some day, when he had learned the rug trade, when he should be able to weave such a rug the like of which had never been seen or would ever more be seen. Along with the roses of Ispahan he would weave the almond blossoms of Kandahar upon a background as soft and clear as the lilac hills. His

rug should be the wonder of all Persia, of all Afghanistan, and no more would his father call him an idle fellow and send him forth to make a living and a fortune, if possible, in an alien city. Then surely he should marry Lehilah, the fairest maid in Persia, who was called the Rose of Ispahan. But the rose-wind blowing in at his door dispelled the dreams of distant Kandahar and brought only the longing for the cool of the temple garden and Lehilah, and this was his only companion as he went down the long street and slowly climbed the temple hill.

"Dog of a Musselman," he heard muttered by a man who brushed by him as he turned a corner lighted only by a half-burned torch. So absorbed had Jenaïd been in his thoughts that he failed to recognize at first glance the long yellow face under its bulky turban. The torch flared up as the flame touched a resinous streak in the wood and revealed to him Amir Ali, the father of Lehilah, his face twisted into ugly lines by the hatred that he, a true believer, felt for Jenaïd, a follower of the Prophet. But Amir Ali's wrath was only kindled by this religious difference, it was fanned into a wild fire by the knowledge, only recently gained, that Jenaïd, a Musselman, dared to love his daughter. At the epithet cast at him Jenaïd's eyes glared and he raised his arm, but the breeze that bore the scent of roses blowing across his brow cooled his impetuous anger. Without a word he passed on through the market, leaving Amir Ali standing under the sputtering torch and muttering surprised curses in his beard at the retreating figure.

Jenaïd walked swiftly through the town, through the new town with its more brilliantly lighted streets, past the cafés which bulged with perspiring humanity, where native women danced, and tomtoms and haut-boys thundered and shrieked, until he came to the cool courts of the temple that stood beside the lake. It was only a little mosque, not richly carved and colored like St. Seïd down in the town, from whose minaret the priests called to prayers, but it was perfect in architecture and its courts were cool and fragrant with the odor of jasmine that rioted over the walls. As he entered the outer court, a slim figure wrapped in a white burnous with the hood pulled well forward walked ahead of him.

"Allah akbar," he said as he passed close, and out of the depths of the hood a voice answered:

"There is no god but God," and the hood was suddenly thrown back. Lehilah stood before him. Her face had a piquancy that seemed incon-

gruous with her lustrous amber eyes, deep and clear as the wells of the desert, and "her lashes lay like fans upon her cheek." Jenaïd caught her in his arms and pressed kisses upon her lips, soft as rose petals. They sat beside the lake and watched the white hot moon of the East and the stars like lambent points of fire cool themselves in the silver lake, slipping into the limpid depths and riding the diminutive crests of the waves.

Inside the temple dim priests padded softly about over the cool stones, but the priests were not the only ones that walked in the courts. A shadow passed along close to the vine-covered wall until it stood behind Jenaïd and Lehilah. It was a shadow with an ugly yellow face and a heavy turban, the same shadow that had pursued Jenaïd up the temple hill, a menacing figure that muttered deep in his beard, "Dog of a Musselman," watched a moment, and then as stealthily disappeared among the vines.

Jenaïd and Lehilah, unconscious of the sinister shadow which had rested behind them, talked together. He told her of the rug that he should make, in whose border the roses of Ispahan should mingle with the almond trees of Kandahar, upon a background as clear and soft as the lilac hills. And she told him of the rug that she was weaving, of how every Persian girl must weave a rug before she can marry. Thus the lovers laughed together and talked, and then they went down the hill to her home. Jenaïd kissed her, and she slipped down through the scented garden. Then he went back to his hot little shop in the rug market and slept, unconscious of a shadow that passed his threshold and stopped softly outside, tried the door, then suddenly straightened up, muttering, "A better revenge, son of a pig. He shall see," and walked swiftly away down the dark street. Under his mantle the cold white of steel gleamed for a second in the light of the corner torch.

* * * * *

It was evening, and Jenaïd watched among the roses in the temple court for the coming of a slim figure in a white burnous. The moon danced with the waves and then, as she had risen early, went to rest. Jenaïd went slowly home down through the sickening heat of the town, past the lights of the cafés, and down the dim streets of the rug market. He did not want to think why Lehilah had not come. He stifled his

brain with a narcotic and slept heavily. A week passed. At night he went up the long hill and sat beside the lake. Alone he watched, and then returned with a dull misery in his heart. His rug lay neglected on his loom. Lehilah had not come again to the temple.

One evening Jenaid took his way through the town and out to the house of Amir Ali, who was taking his ease in the garden, a hookah before him, and drowsily puffing the damp scented smoke. Raising his heavy lids, he looked at Jenaid and laughed wickedly.

"Dog of Afghanistan, what wish you at my house? Begone!"

"Lehilah—" Jenaid began.

"Aha! 'T is the Rose of Ispahan that you would have. She is beyond your reach. She expressed a desire to travel. She is gone. Dog, I spit upon you!"

Jenaid turned and went slowly home. The narcotic invited him to blissful, untroubled dreams, but the breath of roses called him to action. He pondered over Amir Ali's words, "She is beyond your reach. She expressed a desire to travel." But days of thought brought him no nearer the solution, these mocking words were barren of any clue to Lehilah.

At a little shop, where he was accustomed to take his coffee, he sat behind two men whose tongues had been loosened by the strong liquor they were drinking. One was Amir Ali, the other Jenaid did not know. He shrank back into his burnous until his face was not distinguishable and listened to the careless wagging of Amir's exultant tongue.

"I have many; I shall not miss one. Too, she will earn her own living and I am poor." He laughed scornfully with his companion, for Amir's wealth and miserliness were well-known facts.

"She is a good girl and has fair looks, perhaps she will find a husband. At any rate, I am heartily glad to be rid of her, and I hope her new master will not find her an unwilling slave." A few minutes later he drained his glass, paid his reckoning, and passed out.

Jenaid sat like one smitten with a fever, his brain aflame with the knowledge that he had gained, which confirmed his own fearful suspicions. He understood now the words, "She is beyond your reach. She expressed a desire to travel." The irony of the words, when as a slave she had gone out of Ispahan to toil in a land of strange masters! The great caravans came up every day from the east and south, and down from the north and west, bringing in and carrying out rugs—which had

taken her? There was no discovering, for though such trades went on they were made at night and none was the wiser. There would be a few tears shed in the home, perhaps, and then Lehilah would be counted as one dead, for she had gone into a land from which there was no returning. Bitter were his thoughts, for he knew himself to be the cause of this sudden and terrible journey.

For many nights Jenaid sat in the little shop, drinking innumerable cups of black coffee and awaiting the time when the vintage of Teclar Sahr should loosen the tongue of Amir Ali. But though he, too, was a frequent guest in the little café, he was discreet, and Jenaid learned no more.

By day Jenaid worked at his rugs, and the great crude loom swung back and forth, and far into the night. But the rug that was to make his fortune lay in a corner, not entirely forgotten, but since Lehilah had gone it pleased him no more. At times he reproached himself for his inactivity. While he sat all day weaving, his rose was fading. He often thought of killing Amir Ali, but with his death would go the only hope of discovering Lehilah's hiding place. Thus one sultry, glaring day succeeded another, until the month when the almond blooms had twice gone by. Amir Ali died one night, and Jenaid's hope died with him. He went often to sit by the lake in the temple garden, and one day as he sat in the shade of a great tamarind tree, he saw upon the white dust-clouded road a caravan of Afghans from his own land come by. They brought rugs, but they came from the south and knew naught of Kandahar. Jenaid went wearily back to the garden with its grey doves and peacocks, and the caravan wound slowly down the hill into the town.

It was again the month of almond blossoms in Kandahar, and in Ispahan the roses bloomed. Jenaid knelt upon his prayer rug inside the great dim mosque. There was the musty chill of dead centuries in the air that the living warmth of the worshippers who knelt shoulder to shoulder could not dispel, and the incense, sickening sweet, that rose from hundreds of censers, ascended to Allah with the prayers. Jenaid, with head bowed upon his rug and closed eyes, implored Allah, as for many days he had implored, for some clue to Lehilah. His mind wandered from his prayer, so often had he repeated it that it seemed a part of him, that plea to the Highest for his rose that was withering in the heat of some far country. He seemed faint and his head rested upon his rug in weariness more than devotion. He seemed again to be among

those cool hills of Kandahar, where the almonds waved with his rose of Ispahan. With an effort he raised himself, but he seemed to be yet in a dream. The man next him was just rising from his rug. Jenaïd, whose eyeballs danced with giddiness, looked at the rug. The man knelt upon his dream rug. They both rose, Jenaïd reeling a bit, rolled their rugs under their arms and passed out. Jenaïd staggered as one drunk and followed down the streets from whose pavements the heat waves rose. He leaned against a shop, then went blindly on. He cursed this fevered mist that came before his eyes; then suddenly it seemed hot, very hot, and black, impenetrably black.

The days when he was conscious were a blur of strange rooms, strange faces, and incoherent talk. He felt that he must tell the man who sat so constantly by him about the rug. He tried, but the words would not come. The man, who was the same that had knelt beside him, told him that he must not talk.

He never left him; by day he sat beside him, allaying his fever with cool draughts, by night he slept, wrapped in a rug, upon the floor near by. When the cool drink had allayed the fever and his brain was clear, Jenaïd devised schemes to be rid of his attendant. That rug must be in the house, he must see it. At the thought his anger flared up. Some one had stolen his idea, and his strong brown hands, made impotent by the fever, beat feebly on the cover. Then the heat in his brain rose higher and higher, and he sank into the raging oblivion only to wake again to the struggles of yesterday. He often inquired of this man where he was, how came he here, and that rug? But Taz Hadad only answered, "You are among friends," and shook his head to the other question. One evening he seemed better, and Taz Hadad, who was a buyer of rugs, went down to the market, for a caravan had just come in from the south. He would be back shortly, but night fell and still he did not come. It was far into the night when Jenaïd, tossing, waked and found himself alone. The cooling drink stood near. He rose, tottering from his couch, drained the cup and looked about him—no one in sight. The moonlight poured in through open windows, and guided by this, he found his way out into the shop. There bundles of rugs lay stamped and ready for the next camel train going north. There were half-finished rugs lying about, piles of wool and threads strewed the floor. He fell twice, but on his knees dragged on until he found what he sought, the little prayer rug, the dream rug. He clutched it and fell prostrate upon it, the brain

fire overtaking him again. Thus Taz Hadad found him when he came at dawn into the shop. After that the rug lay beside Jenaïd. But he was too spent to even care for it.

One night he waked suddenly and asked, "Whence came this rug, for 't is mine, my rug," he fiercely muttered. It had come from Nuri, in the southwest of Afghanistan, more than a year ago. But this only puzzled him the more. Who could have made his rug? Had he ever betrayed his secret? Never, he knew no one, yet, yes, he remembered that long past night, the night in the temple court, when he had told Lehilah of his dream rug. But she had not betrayed him, she was far away, she was true to him—from Nuri—ah! yes, that was it, Lehilah had sent this as a sign—it was from Lehilah, from Nuri—she was in Nuri. Jenaïd fell upon the floor and drew the rug to the window. 'T was his own design, the kneeling field a deep crimson purple, the little field with its censor of golden threads lilac as clear as the hills of Kandahar. And in the border the roses twined with the almonds. The nap was long, he bent nearer and rapidly counted the knots to a square inch. His own idea, too, for no other rug had so many, not even the royal silk Persians. He bent nearer, straining his fever-clouded eyes. He traced the conventionalized border; was it the shaking of the sickness that caused his finger to deviate from the lines? No, the border broke at times, the lines did not follow; there were seven of these breaks where color was deepest. He traced the curving lines until his finger point was numb. But slowly out of the repetition and variety of lines and color he traced a character resembling the Persian letter L. Frantic with fear lest it should be only a mirage of his dazed brain and urged on by his heart throbbing with hope, he traced letter by letter—Lehilah. He went back to his couch worn and weary, but with an impatient happiness in his heart.

It was many weeks before the cooling drinks and the nauseous herbs could raise him from his couch, but at last a thin, bearded man took leave of Taz Hadad with thanks and prayers, and made his way to the inn of Ulla Singh, out of whose court the caravans start, going into Afghanistan. The camel market was near, also. Jenaïd concluded his bargains, took a room at the inn, and slept until chill, white dawn, when the ruckling of the camels and the hoarse shouts of the men awoke him.

* * * * *

Day after day across the shimmering heat of the desert, across that

mighty sea of sand, they pressed on. They had passed hurriedly through cities, even Kandahar could not hold this impetuous pilgrim. He paid well, and Faiz-u-Diu cared not that the camels were weary with the journey. They had passed through good markets where Janaid might have sold his rugs to advantage, but no, he pressed onward to Nuri. Faiz did not understand, but he did understand the yellow coins, and in spite of heat and weariness they pressed on to Nuri, and it was nearly the end of the month of almond blossoms when they sighted the waving palm trees and white houses of the town. Jenaid, bearded, grown old with the dreariness of the last three years, and spent with the heat of the journey, seemed not the same man who had last seen Lehilah by the lake. As the caravan dragged through the streets on the way to an inn, in the public square a crowd blocked the passage. Upon a raised platform in the center of the crowd sat three listless, stooping women, while a hard-featured man was receiving bids and urging bidders higher. It was a slave auction such as Jenaid had often seen in Ispahan. They turned down a side street in order to avoid the crowd and passed close by the platform. One of the women looked up as he passed. Jenaid started. Her eyes were amber, though the fire had long since died in them, yet they were a clear, lustrous amber, and the ruffled silk of her hair seemed to bring back the scent of roses and jasmin beside a lake in a temple garden. He stopped and bade Faiz keep on to the inn. Pushing through the crowd, he joined the ring of bidders around the auctioneers. As the voice of a new buyer rang out the amber eyes raised again, but one face was as another to the slave girl, one master as another. Her heart she had left behind among the jasmin and roses of Persia. Higher rose the voices and bids, but still a calm, bearded man in a turban that shadowed his eyes bid higher. At last the amber-eyed slave stepped down from the platform and followed in the wake of her new master.

Faiz rested at the inn, but his astonishment was great when he received instructions to be ready at the sunrise the next day and take the north road. But they had just come, they had had no time to rest, the master had not sold his rugs. "We go at dawn to Kandahar"—and Faiz understood the gold that flashed in the sun.

In Kandahar, in a dim garden riotous with roses and jasmin, and sweet with the scent of almond blossom, and cool with the tinkle of water, Jenaid, shaven and dressed in a blue mantle, awaited the coming of his new slave. Slowly, timidly she came, slim but slightly stooped,

her amber eyes downcast as she approached him. Jenaid took both her hands and bade her raise her eyes. She looked up. As her eyes met his, all of the old fire darted into them again.

"Ah! my Rose of Ispahan!" and Jenaid gathered her into his arms.



Ballad of the Hobble Skirt

The hobble skirt, so fashion says, is just the thing to wear,
But still some people make remarks, and still some people stare,
Yet here is proved, (without a doubt the theory is sane)
That hobble skirts, like all things else, were never made in vain.

A maid there was, so slothful she that, when her work was done
'Twas time her classes had commenced, and so she had to run.
Thus, soon she formed the habit, and she always started late,
That naught befell her sooner, was a coincidence of fate.

One day, while lingering in her room, way after time for bell,
She thought to don her hobble skirt, for it would look so well.
And then she needs must fix her hair, with fingers neat and deft,
When,—glancing at the clock, she found—she had ten seconds left!

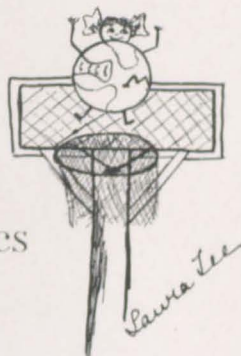
She ran out on the gallery, and faster still she flew.
She headed for those awful stairs and—well she got there, too.
She started down—what happened then can scarcely here be told,
She caught her foot, she tripped, she fell, and down the stairs she rolled!

She rolled on down that flight of stairs, and out the open door,
She rolled across the campus, and—she would have rolled some more,
But—now indeed 'tis time that I should end this doleful rhyme!
She rolled into the classroom—and she got there just on time!

—E. THOMPSON.



ATHLETICS



Athletic Statistics

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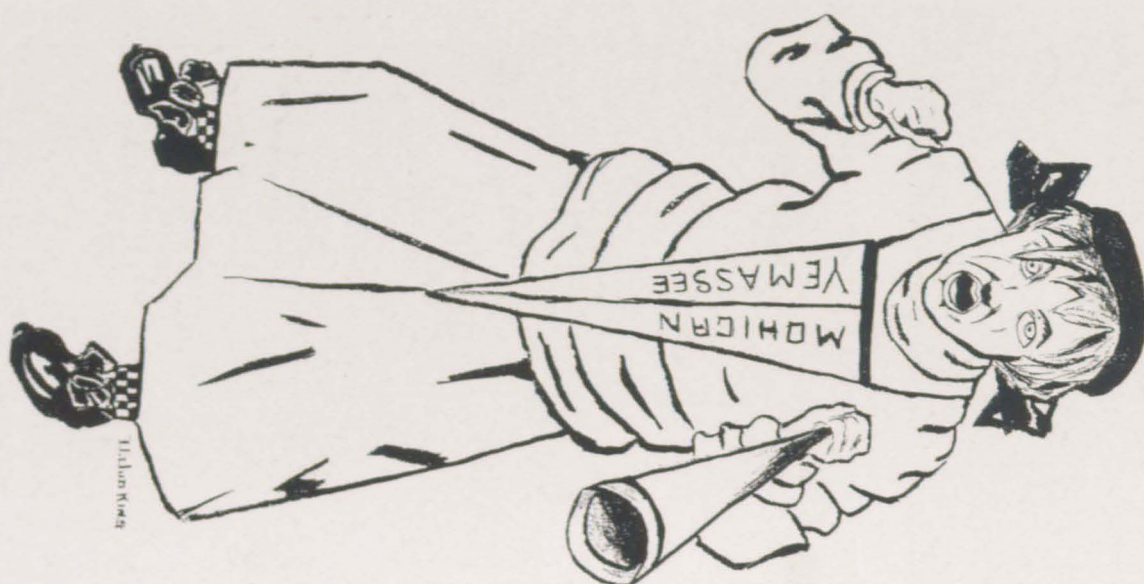


COCKE, Captain
 MUSE
 CAMP
 COOLEY
 STEVENSON, Sub.
 GUARDS



Mohican Team

FORWARDS
 THOMPSON
 TUCKER
 ANGIER
 GILL, Sub.
 CENTERS
 MOODY
 COCKE
 CORKE
 McCARTNEY, Sub.
 JULIE OWEN, Leader of Rooters



Yemassee Team

MALONE, Captain

FORWARDS
 RUSSELL
 ROUNTREE
 HARRIS
 JUDKINS, Sub

CENTERS
 LAKE
 LAMBERT
 WIGGIN
 STRIEBINGER, Sub

MAMIE SINGLETON, Leader of Rooters

GUARDS
 BALDWIN
 MALONE
 MCCOY
 HEARSEY, Sub



TUCKER

"This nymph, to the destruction of mankind,
Nourished two locks which graceful hung
behind."

McCOY

"Sloth views the towers of Fame with envious
eyes,
Desirous still, but impotent to rise."



CORKE

"Oh a bullfrog on the field and a bulldog on
the ball!"

BALDWIN

"Never anger made a good guard—for itself."



RUSSELL, ROUNTREE, AND
HARRIS

"They could raise scruples
And after, solve 'em in a trice,
As if divinity had caught
The itch, on purpose to be
scratched."

THOMPSON

"Some falls are the means, the hap-
pier to arise."



WIGGIN

"Those linen cheeks of thine are counsel-
lors to fear."

MOODY

She smiles and smiles at the Yemassee
bleachers and is a Mohican still.



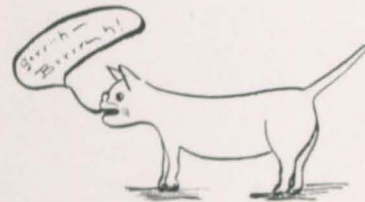


ANGIER

Is this ye "Crack Athlete?"



Why, oh why could not Tennyson have heard Dixie "grunt" before he said, "Sweet is every sound!"



COOLEY

How calm! How serene!



LAKE

"Weep not, sweet queen, for trickling tears are vain."



MUSE

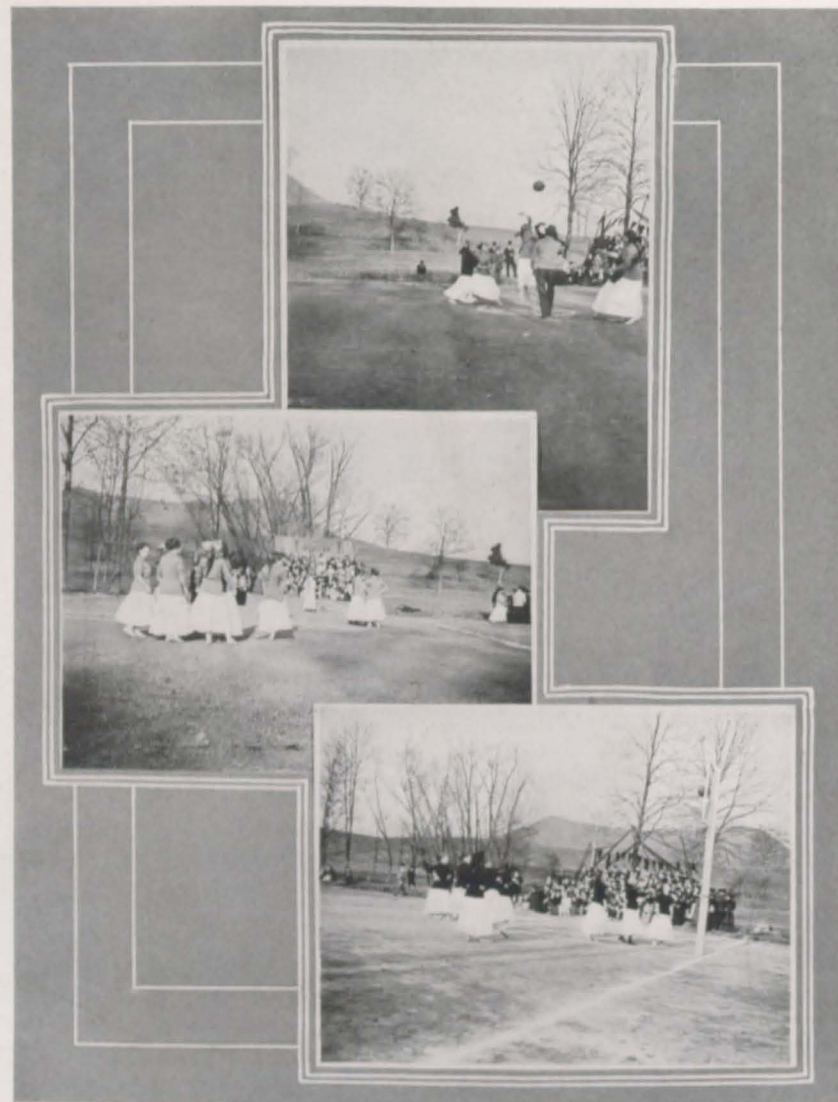
Oh, ye light, fantastic toe!



CAMP

Arms and "Cousin Camp," who first from the red goal snatched the ball.



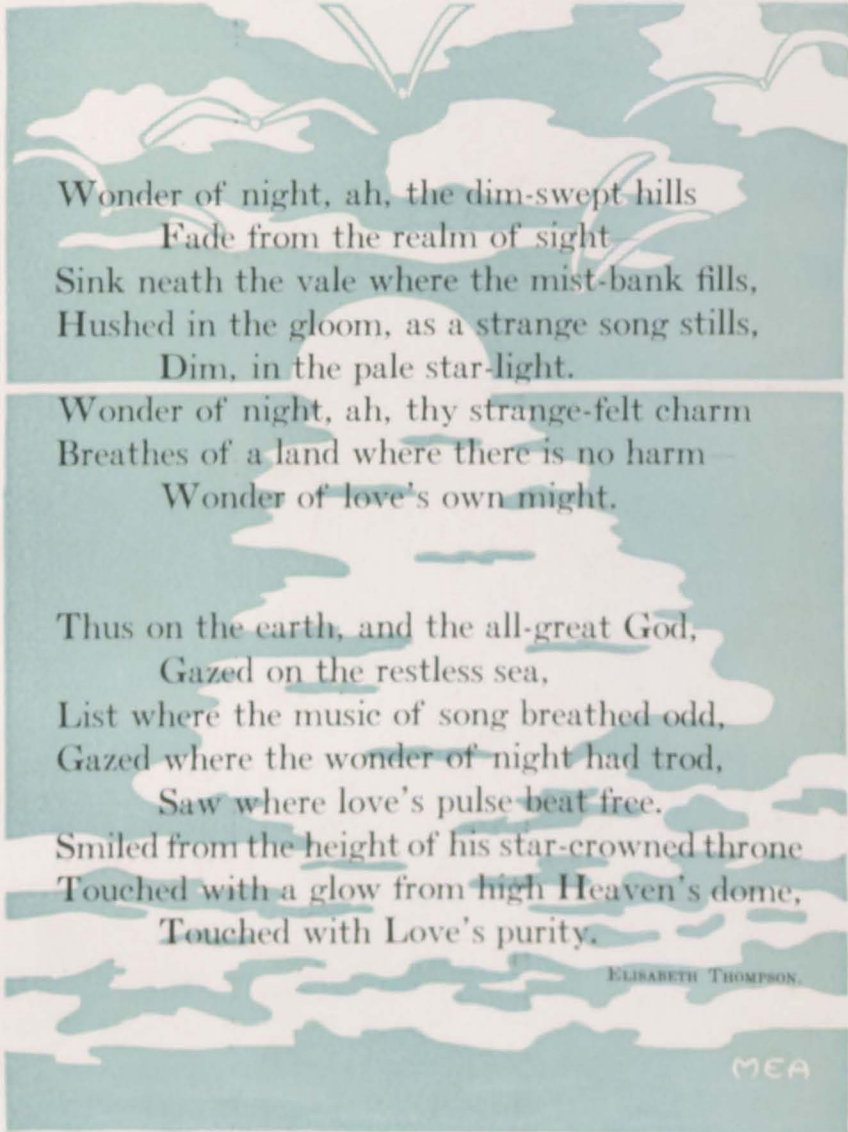




Love

Strength of the sea, ah, the wind-swept surf
Breaks o'er the cliffs of Time.
Rolls through the mists of the sea-god's birth,
Breathes of the realm where there is no earth,
Heaves with the salt-sea clime.
Strength of the sea, ah, thy still-dimmed depths
Heaves with a strength that is wondrous yet—
Strength of true love, divine.

Sweetness of song, ah, the hushed winds mourn
Soft, o'er the maze-dimmed trees,
Faint as the strain of a mystic horn,
Sweet as a voice from Heaven unborn,
Sad, on the still-blown breeze.
Sweetness of song, ah, thy sad, sweet strain
Speaks of a hope, and is still again
Sweetness of love, in these.

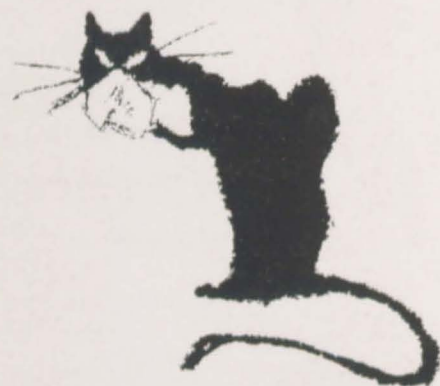


Wonder of night, ah, the dim-swept hills
Fade from the realm of sight
Sink neath the vale where the mist-bank fills,
Hushed in the gloom, as a strange song stills,
Dim, in the pale star-light.
Wonder of night, ah, thy strange-felt charm
Breathes of a land where there is no harm—
Wonder of love's own might.

Thus on the earth, and the all-great God,
Gazed on the restless sea,
List where the music of song breathed odd,
Gazed where the wonder of night had trod,
Saw where love's pulse beat free.
Smiled from the height of his star-crowned throne
Touched with a glow from high Heaven's dome,
Touched with Love's purity.

ELIZABETH THOMPSON.

MEA





HOLLINS MAGAZINE



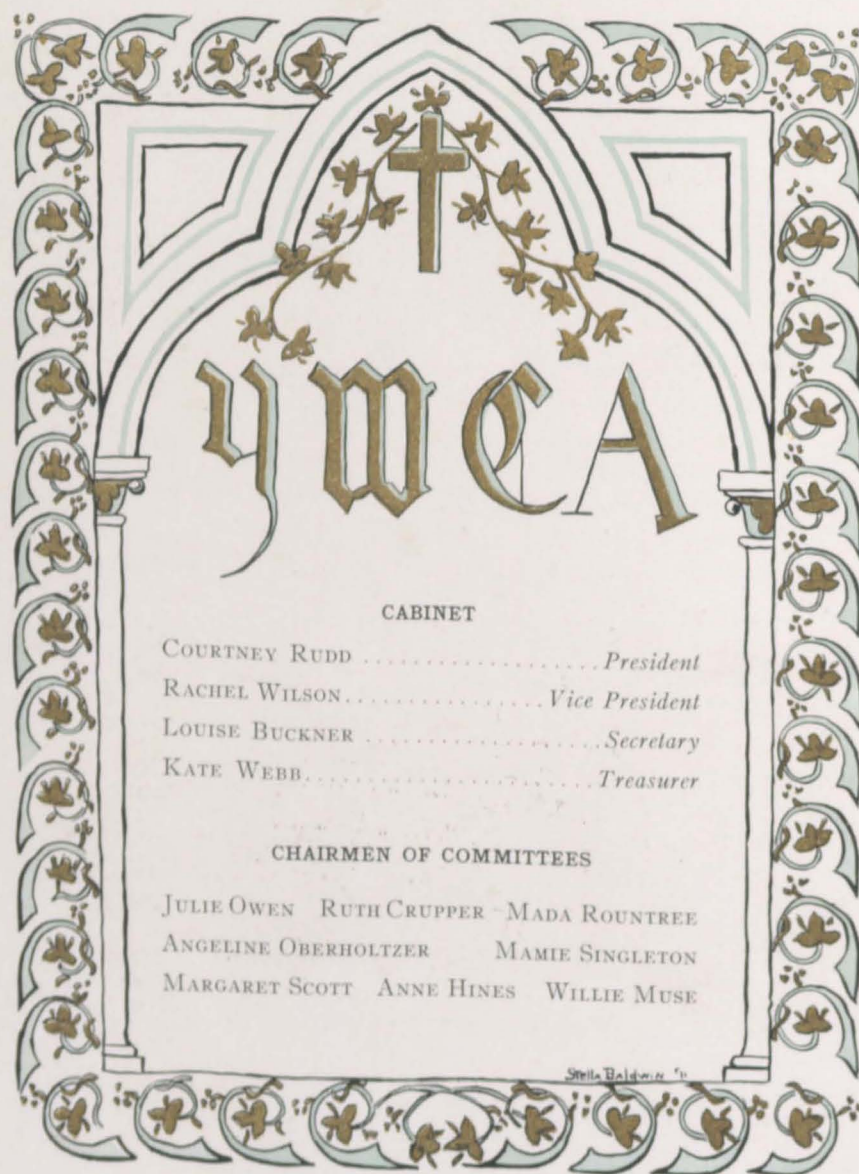
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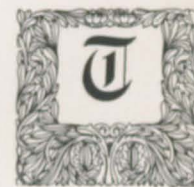
Oh! listless wind, that blows from distant lands,
Oh! soft, faint wind, that flutters and then dies,
You bring me memory of her out-stretched hands
And of her wistful, hungry-hearted eyes!







Hollins—1842-1911



THE recent celebration here of February 21st, the birthday of Charles L. Cocke, has evoked some reminiscences of that long period, from the time when Hollins, a feeble infant, was first ushered into the world, until to-day, when it has grown to strong and vigorous manhood. During that period, important events have occurred, which have certainly changed the course of history in our own country, and which, perhaps, may materially affect the history of the whole world. That period was also one of unexampled material progress in all things pertaining to personal comfort and enjoyment of life. That Hollins was in this line of progress will be shown by comparing its former with its present facilities for providing for the bodily wants of its students during the time when they are preparing to meet the responsibilities of life.

Hollins, like some persons, has changed its name. When founded, it was called the Valley Union Seminary. It was called "Valley" because it is situated in the great Valley of Virginia; it was called "Union" because it was founded by the contributions, not of one denomination of Christians, or class in society, but by persons of every denomination and class who were interested in education; it was called "Seminary" because the aims of its founder were modest, as to the grade of education it was intended to supply; and it was co-educational, because they felt that it was unjust to withhold from their daughters those advantages which they were trying to give to their sons. Mr. Cocke became the head of the institution in 1846. A few years of experience of the co-educational plan convinced him that that mode of education was radically wrong, and that either the male or the female department should be dismissed. About the year 1850, a rich and benevolent lady of Lynchburg, Virginia, Mrs. John Hollins, offered a liberal contribution to the institution, upon

the condition that the male department be dismissed, and a school for the higher education of women be established. The gift was accepted, and the condition complied with; the name Valley Union Seminary was dropped and, in recognition of the giver's generosity, the name was changed to Hollins Institute. In the year 1852, instruction in the usual



collegiate classes in Latin, Mathematics, Modern Languages, Natural Sciences, History, and English was begun. Of course, at first the numbers in these classes were small; but as instruction in the sub-collegiate classes advanced, the numbers in the college classes gradually increased.

This place now known as Hollins was anciently called Botetourt Springs. This name, "Botetourt," was prefixed to the springs here because Roanoke County was formerly a part of Botetourt, the adjoining county. It was, before it became a school, a place of summer resort for health and pleasure, and was used for that purpose by its owner, Mr. Charles Johnston, who died and was buried here. There is now here not a trace of any building which existed at the time when it was called

the Valley Union Seminary, except the spring house in the garden; and



that survives, because it is constructed of imperishable rock. The accommodations were limited, and consisted of main building (standing where the West Building now stands, but not one-fourth as large) and two rows of brick one-storied cottages—one row just in front of where the Main Building now stands; the

other on the opposite side of lawn, just in front of the position of Memorial Library building. The macadamized road did not then exist. The public road, then the great highway to Southwest Virginia, passed

through the grounds, exactly on the place where the Main Building now stands. Carven's Creek then flowed through the garden close to the spring house, and the road crossed the creek about ten feet from the spring house, passed across the garden and up the hill opposite. The place where the Memorial Library



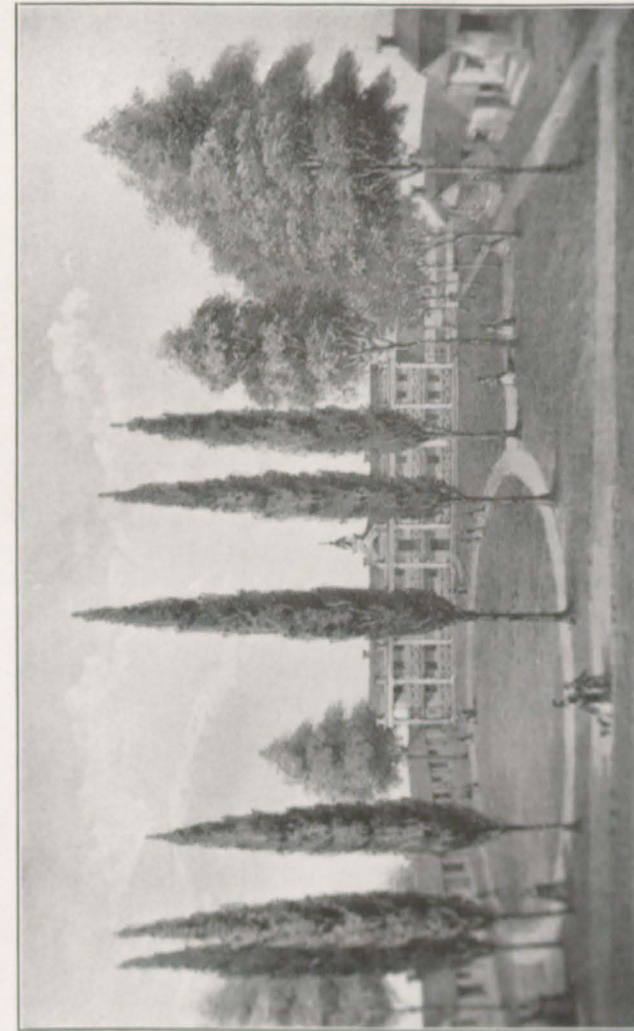
now stands, and all the lawn down to the little stream at its foot was used as a vegetable garden. The space now occupied by the East Build-

ing was then vacant. The East Building was finished in 1857, and at that time was considered a very elegant affair. It has, certainly, afforded shelter and comfort to a large succession of occupants, both teachers and students, as it still does. The Main Building was begun in 1860, and by the end of 1861 the brick work was finished, and the slate roof put on. But the work was suspended during the war, in consequence of the impossibility of securing either materials or workmen; and it was not finished until about the year 1869. These topographical details, aided by the pictures No. 1 and No. 2 accompanying, will assist in forming an



idea of the outward appearance of Hollins in the early fifties. The whole establishment could not at that time shelter more than fifty persons; but as the patronage of the school increased, additions were from year to year made—the old buildings demolished and new and larger ones erected, until Hollins reached its present form, so familiar to us all. It is worthy of remark that, while the money of the public treasury has been lavishly poured out in establishing and supporting schools both for males and females, Hollins has never applied for and never received one cent from the treasury of Virginia.

The daily life of its inmates can be better understood by telling, not what aids they had for a comfortable life, but telling how many of those aids, now considered essential to life, were lacking. Of course, there was plenty of good food to eat and water to drink; the houses were warmed in winter, and lighted at night; these are the bare essentials. But there was no water supply except from the springs near the buildings; not a single bathroom; the houses were warmed by wood fires—very pleasant, doubtless, but involving much time and labor in putting the logs on the fire; there was no infirmary for the sick; no basket ball; no Greek letter



societies; a play about once in two years, and an occasional lecture. The buildings at first were lighted by candles and whale-oil lamps, very dimly indeed; but subsequently much better by kerosene lamps. You wonder, perhaps, how they managed to live under these hardships. In time the problem of heating and lighting this large establishment was solved by the extension of the railroad to the coal fields of West Virginia. This resulted, first, in the banishment of wood fires and introduction of coal fires; and, some time subsequently, in the building of a power house for the generation of steam and electricity, by which every room in this little world of ours is both lighted and heated. The last and culminating improvement we of the present generation of students have witnessed is the erection of the beautiful and well-equipped building for the comfort and restoration to health of those of us who are so unfortunate as to be sick. This building has been, not inappropriately, named for her whose entire life was a benefaction and help to all who came within the sphere of her influence.

The work of educating and training young women has been going on here for more than sixty years. Not even in the troubled times of civil war was it interrupted. Hollins is one of the few higher institutions of learning which did not suspend its operations during that period. All the buildings existing at that time were occupied to their full capacity during the years 1860 to 1865. This was due to the fact that so many similar institutions were closed; and to the further fact that large numbers of refugees from Maryland, the District of Columbia, and from the northern counties of Virginia found in Hollins for their daughters, not only a place of education, but a refuge from insult and outrage. Hollins, by its remoteness from the routes by which large armies moved, did not see, face to face, the calamities of war; yet it was kept in apprehension of danger to life and property from the constantly recurring cavalry raids. Again and again parties of Federal cavalry from West Virginia would swoop upon the Virginia and Tennessee Railroad (now Norfolk and Western) and burn the depots and destroy the bridges. This railroad was an object of constant attack, as it was one of the principal routes of communication for Virginia with her southern sisters. At this time, the principal and almost only means of getting to, or away from, Hollins was by a large omnibus carrying about fifteen passengers, drawn by four horses, which was sent, when needed, to meet the trains in Salem. This vehicle with its fine horses was the pride of the students,

as it was frequently used in conveying them by turns to church to Salem or Fincastle or Big Lick (as Roanoke was then named), and in excursions to the Natural Bridge and other places of interest. These trips served to break the monotony of school life, and to give to the girls larger opportunities of seeing the beautiful scenery of this mountain region.

On one lovely morning in June, in the year 1863, while all, students, teachers, and visitors, were assembled in Enon Church on Commencement Day (the chapel at that time had very limited accommodations), and listening to the eloquent address of the orator of the day, a messenger on foaming steed at full speed announced that the Yankees were in possession of Salem and were burning the town. This startling news, of course, broke up the assembly, and it was confirmed by the sight of a dark column of smoke rising in the direction of that town. What made the news more alarming to the inmates of Hollins was the fact that the omnibus with its fine team had been sent on that day to Salem to meet a train. Everybody feared that some of that black smoke was caused by the burning omnibus; no one had the hope of seeing those fine horses again. But they did see them again, thanks to the courage and devotion of the driver, an humble black man, whose name, George Newman, deserves to be recorded and remembered. He was waiting at the station for a train, when he saw a troop of cavalry rapidly approaching from the town. Divining at once the danger, he mounted to his driver's seat, plunged at full speed into the river near by, amid a storm of bullets, and by a circuit of more than twenty miles he, just as the sun was setting, made his appearance at the outer gate on the hill, with horses and vehicle all safe. Imagine the welcome which greeted him from the girls, who had begun to despair of being able to get to the station on their way to their homes.

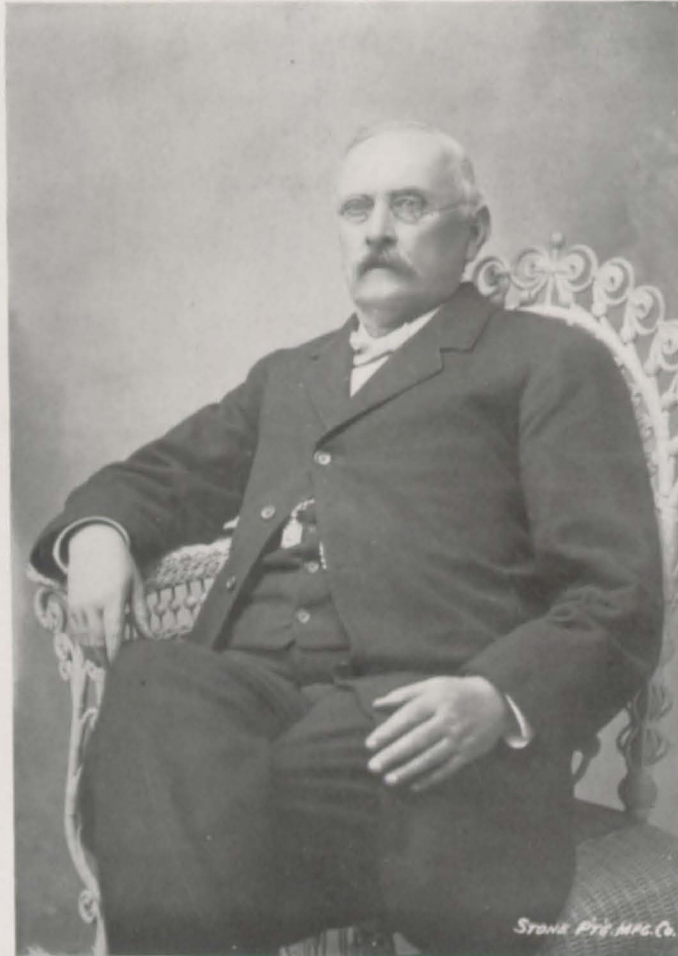
By the opening of the Shenandoah Railroad and the establishment of a station almost at the door, and by securing the services of ministers of the leading denominations to preach to the girls every Sunday, the usefulness of the omnibus ceased; but, in memory of the good it had done, it was kept under shelter for many years, in the same spirit which induces every generous man to protect the faithful horse that has outlived his usefulness, and not turn him out to die.

On one other occasion, Hollins seemed to be in danger of being in the midst of the actual calamities of warfare. It was when, in the Valley



of Virginia, stripped of its defenders, who were lying in the trenches before Richmond and Petersburg, the Federal General Hunter commenced his march through the Valley, lighting his ill-omened steps by the flames of burning mills and barns with their contents, and sometimes by the flames of human dwellings wantonly fired. He had reached the town of Lexington, where he first ordered the home of Governor Letcher to be fired; next, in revenge for the gallant conduct of the boys of the corps of cadets in the battle of New Market, the Virginia Military Institute was, by his orders, reduced to a heap of ruins; and, finally, he was about to apply the torch to Washington College (now Washington and Lee University) and was stopped only by the piteous entreaty of the women and old men of the town, and by an appeal to the memory of Washington, who was the early friend and almost founder of the college. General Hunter soon reached Buchanan and lighted the horizon for many miles around (plainly seen at Hollins) by the flames of Mt. Airy, the beautiful home of Colonel J. T. Anderson. Hunter's progress was slow and, therefore, the news of his barbarities preceded him; and, as Hollins lay directly in his line of march, the most painful apprehension was felt as to the results of his approach. It was a relief, therefore, when it was heard that he had changed his route, had crossed the Blue Ridge by the Peaks of Otter, and was marching towards Lynchburg, expecting, no doubt, to capture that city, which had as its sole protection some companies of convalescents from the hospitals. But when he arrived at the hastily constructed defenses of the city, he became aware that some brigades of General Lee's army had been sent to defend Lynchburg; and so, without firing a gun, he commenced a retreat which did not end until he reached the banks of the Ohio River. That retreat would have no connection with these reminiscences, but for the fact that it brought Hunter and his army in closer proximity to Hollins. It was conducted along the line of the Norfolk & Western Railroad as far as the town of Salem, closely pursued by a force under General Early, and marked by continual conflicts of the vanguard of the pursuing army with the rear guard of the retreating foe. For one whole day the occasional boom of cannon and the frequent rattle of musketry could be heard at Hollins, and the march of the enemy by day could be marked by the column of smoke and at night by the lurid flames of bridges and stations.

In tracing the progress of Hollins so far, the material improvements only, by which the bodily comfort and health of its inmates have been



WILLIAM H. PLEASANTS, LL. D.

greatly improved, have been noticed. There was progress in teaching, too, but that progress was mainly in the line of enlarged scientific apparatus and other helps to the teacher, and in the introduction of some subjects which, in early days, were not taught. The founder, in carrying out his cherished purpose of offering the higher education to his young countrywomen, surrounded himself with the best teachers he could find—men and women competent to teach, and animated by the same enthusiasm which directed his efforts. Though he was a man of the most decided opinions on all subjects, and especially firm in his denominational preferences, he never used the school under his control as a propaganda for filling out the numbers in the churches of his own denomination; and, in deciding the qualifications of his assistants, he never cared for the membership, or the religious preferences of the applicants. His desire and effort was (to use his own words) to make Hollins a temple, sacred to sound learning, upright conduct, and independent thought—to sound learning by liberal and accurate training in languages, mathematics, literature, and science; to independent thought by such training of the mental powers as will enable the recipient to think for herself and form just opinions on all important subjects without relying upon the dogmatic teaching of any one.

The limits of this reminiscent sketch do not allow of more than a general mention of the teachers—male and female, distinguished for their ability and aptness to teach—who aided the founder in building up that reputation of Hollins for thorough and accurate scholarship, which is now, and has always been, its most valuable asset. Most of those devoted and enthusiastic teachers have passed away and are resting *in stille land*; but some still survive, and have here demonstrated their efficiency before being called to other institutions of learning.

With the close of the record of some reminiscences of Hollins in the olden time, our minds naturally and inevitably turn to anticipation of its future. What that future will be depends upon the policy adopted by those who control its destiny. If the aims and spirit of its founder shall continue to prevail, we may surely anticipate that Hollins will never decline from its present honorable standing as a seat of learning. But the world is progressing in all directions, and many new and untried schemes of education are being offered and eagerly pressed for our acceptance.

"Yet I doubt not, through the ages one increasing purpose runs,
And the thoughts of men are *widened* by the process of the suns."

This widening of the thoughts of men will, no doubt, in the future history of Hollins, be the cause of the introduction of new subjects of study; but let us hope that this "widening" will never lead in Hollins, as it has done in many institutions of high rank, to the minimizing and even the elimination of some studies in the college course, which have been by the common consent of teachers in all ages considered as absolutely necessary for the full development of an intellectual being. In the interests of progress in education, it should be the determination of the instructors, the desire of its alumnae, present and prospective, and of its past alumnae and friends, that no degree be ever conferred by Hollins which is not based upon a liberal culture in languages, ancient and modern, mathematics, history, some one of the natural sciences, along with a respectable acquaintance with the literature and some skill in the use of the mother tongue. Such a course will naturally call into action, develop and strengthen all the intellectual powers, and qualify the recipient, in so far as education alone can accomplish this result, to play an honorable and creditable part in the drama of life.

[NOTE—The writer of the above reminiscences, Dr. Wm. H. Pleasants, has given no hint of the large part he himself has played in the history of the School. Since the early fifties, he has held the chair of Ancient Languages (and other subjects when needed) and during all the years of which he has so interestingly written, he has been an important factor in the life and growth of the institution. He was the sympathetic co-worker with the late President, Dr. Cocke, and he is still the staunch upholder and safe counsellor of the present head. Hundreds of students have sat under his teachings, and hundreds of homes are to-day enriched by his culture of mind and heart.]



Sororities

In Order of Establishment as Sororities at Hollins

DELTA TAU BETA

PHI MU GAMMA

KAPPA DELTA

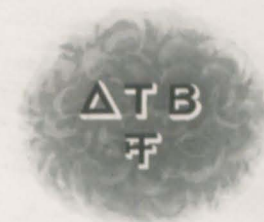
GAMMA OMICRON PI

SIGMA SIGMA SIGMA

PHI MU

NAUGHTY NAUGHT

KAPPA KAPPA KAPPA





Delta Tau Beta

Founded 1890

Chartered 1907

IRENE BROWN
JOSEPHINE BUCHANAN
VIVIAN CARTER
ALICE CRAWFORD
MARY DODD FOX
HELEN HARRIS
ANNA MUCKLEROV
AGNES SHACKLEFORD



DELTA TAU BETA



Phi Mu Gamma

Organized 1898 Chartered 1900

CHAPTERS

Alpha	Hollins, Virginia
Gamma	Gainesville, Georgia
Delta	New York, New York
Zeta	New York, New York
Eta	Boston, Massachusetts
Theta	Marion, Alabama
Iota	Boston, Massachusetts
Kappa	Cleveland, Tennessee
Lambda	Rome, Georgia
Mu	New Orleans, Louisiana

SORORES

ELOISE BUCHER	Urbana, Ohio
HELEN BUCHER	Urbana, Ohio
CATHERINE CALLAWAY	Augusta, Georgia
MARY DIVEN	Anderson, Indiana
ROSE HEILMAN	Evansville, Indiana
LAURA CHAPMAN	Spartanburg, South Carolina
FLORRIE MALONE	Dothan, Alabama
IONE MOODY	LaGrange, Illinois
PAULINE McCONIHAY	Charleston, West Virginia
GRACE MANN	Sulphur Springs, Oklahoma
NANNETTE WILLIS	Augusta, Georgia
MILDRED WIGGIN	Orange, New Jersey
BARBARA WILLIAMS	Columbus, Ohio

HONORARY MEMBERS

MR. AND MRS. ESTES COCKE	Hollins, Virginia
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PHI MU GAMMA



Kappa Delta

Organized 1895 Chartered 1902

CHAPTERS

Alpha Chapter	Farmville, Virginia
Gamma Chapter	Hollins, Virginia
Delta Chapter	Columbia, South Carolina
Epsilon Chapter	Baton Rouge, Louisiana
Zeta Chapter	Tuscaloosa, Alabama
Theta Chapter	Lynchburg, Virginia
Kappa Alpha Chapter	Tallahassee, Florida
Lambda Chapter	Evanston, Illinois
Omicron Chapter	Bloomington, Illinois
Phi Delta Chapter	Raleigh, North Carolina
Phi Psi Chapter	Washington, District of Columbia
Rho Omega Phi Chapter	Marion, Alabama
Sigma Chapter	Washington, District of Columbia
Sigma Sigma Chapter	Ames, Iowa
Epsilon Omega Chapter	Lexington, Kentucky

SORORES

GAMMA CHAPTER

MAMIE POWELL SINGLETON	Alabama
MARJORIE WAKEFIELD	Texas
GRACE THAMES	Texas
HATTIE JAMES	Mississippi
FRANCES OATES	North Carolina
DOUGLAS HILL	North Carolina
GLADYS HUDSON	Alabama
HELEN OLIVER	Tennessee
MOLLIE BELL	Tennessee
LOUISE PEPPER	North Carolina
ESTELLE ANGER	Illinois
LOIS EMBREE	Virginia

HONORARY MEMBERS

MRS. R. T. CUTHBERTSON	Georgia
MISS CLARA G. THORNHILL	Texas





Gamma Omicron Pi

SORORES

RUTH RIDDICK.....	Virginia
DOROTHY JUDKINS.....	Virginia
FLORENCE BARLOW.....	Ohio
JEANNETTE HUBBELL.....	Ohio
ELMA ROSSER.....	Texas
MADELINE HIX.....	Virginia
MOZELLE EMERSON.....	Ohio
HAZEL SIMONS.....	Michigan
LORETTA JOHNSON.....	Ohio
ALICE JOHNSON.....	Minnesota
ELIZABETH MOORE.....	Virginia
RUTH CRUPPER.....	Virginia



GAMMA OMICRON PI



Sigma Sigma Sigma

Established 1897 Chartered 1903

LIST OF CHAPTERS

Alpha Chapter	Farmville, Virginia
Gamma Chapter	Lynchburg, Virginia
Delta Chapter	Nashville, Tennessee
Epsilon Chapter	Hollins, Virginia
Alpha Delta Chapter	Georgetown, Texas
Sigma Phi Chapter	Jackson, Tennessee
Hampton Alumnae Chapter	Hampton, Virginia
Lewisburg Alumnae Chapter	Lewisburg, West Virginia
Dallas Alumnae Chapter	Dallas, Texas
Birmingham Alumnae Chapter	Birmingham, Alabama

SORORES

EPSILON CHAPTER

LAURA SCOTT AGNEW	Virginia
GRACE NEVIN MCCOY	West Virginia
SARAH HENRIETTA TANNER	North Carolina
MARGUERITE CAPEN HEARSEY	New Jersey
DOROTHEA LOUISE SHUPP	Pennsylvania
DOROTHY HOFFMAN PORTER	Delaware
JULIET ELEANORE GIBSON	Pennsylvania
LOIS MONTGOMERY	South Carolina

HONORARY MEMBER

DR. KUSIAN



SIGMA SIGMA SIGMA



Phi Mu

Organized 1852

Chartered 1903

ALPHA CHAPTER.....	Macon, Georgia
BETA CHAPTER.....	Hollins, Virginia
DELTA CHAPTER.....	New Orleans, Louisiana
ETA CHAPTER.....	Mexico, Missouri
THETA CHAPTER.....	Nashville, Tennessee
XI KAPPA CHAPTER.....	Georgetown, Texas
KAPPA CHAPTER.....	Knoxville, Tennessee
MU CHAPTER.....	Gainesville, Georgia
LAMBDA CHAPTER.....	Lynchburg, Virginia

SORORES

BETA CHAPTER

ANNA STEWART BREWER.....	New York
LAURA LEE COONEY.....	Georgia
ANNIE COOLEY.....	South Carolina
RUTH BOYD HARRIS.....	South Carolina
JEANNETTE LOWNDES.....	Georgia
VIRGINIA LAMBERT.....	Michigan
KATE MEHLIG.....	Indiana
HELEN MCGUIRE.....	Oregon
WILLIE HOWARD MUSE.....	Georgia
JULIE GORE OWEN.....	North Carolina
MADA ROUNTREE.....	Georgia
EVELYN REYNOLDS.....	Alabama
ALMERIA STEVENSON.....	North Carolina
MARY G. THORNHILL.....	Texas

HONORARY MEMBERS

MISS MARY WILLIAMSON... Virginia	MISS LOULA SNEAD... Virginia
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Naughty Naught

AP

Established 1900

JEANIE HARWOOD COCKE
Virginia

LAURA POWELL TUCKER
Virginia

MARIE ERNESTINE MANN
Michigan

HELEN LOUISE DUNTZE
Tennessee

ADELINE STAPLES DAVIS
Virginia

MARGARET EVELYN PHILLIPS
Virginia

RACHEL WILSON *
Kentucky

CONSTANCE RUSBY
New Jersey

ELISABETH WILLIAMSON THOMPSON
Pennsylvania

MARY ELIZABETH SIMONS
Michigan

MARGARET PHELAN SCOTT
Virginia

ANNE ELIZABETH STRIEBINGER
Ohio

JULIA ELEANOR COX
Virginia

KATHARINE WALLACE HALL
Tennessee



MANN



COX



COCKE



TUCKER



SIMONS



PHILLIPS



SCOTT



WILSON



DAVIS



DUNTZE



THOMPSON



RUSBY



HALL



STRIEBINGER



Kappa Kappa Kappa

Founded 1903 Chartered 1909

SORORES

KITTY MAY SETTLE	Missouri
STELLA RUTH BALDWIN	Missouri
EMILY ROSS NETTERVILLE	Indiana
ELINOR MITCHELL	Illinois
HAZEL MAY RUSSELL	Mississippi
LOUIZE HOYT	Ohio
SWANNANOA HORNE	North Carolina
LALLA KIMBALL BURTON	North Carolina
HELEN NETHERLAND	Washington, D. C.
COURTNEY RUDD	San Juan, Porto Rico
CARRIE EDDIE BURTON	North Carolina
FRANCES RUSSELL MITCHELL	Illinois

HONORARY MEMBER

MISS AGNES TERRELL	Virginia
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KAPPA KAPPA KAPPA

Foiled



OW come on, Joshua, set down and eat your breakfast while I pare these apples. I know you don't like to be botherin' with strangers when you're busy with the crops, so I fixed your breakfast all to yerself. There's some nice ham and eggs and some hot biscuits—now set down. Of cose, Mr. Graves don't git up at six o'clock, so Livy and me'll eat breakfast with him at eight."

Joshua sat down without a second invitation, while Mrs. Joshua Perkins seated herself in the doorway and began to attack vigorously a large basket of apples beside her on the step, letting the long spiral peeling fall in a wooden bowl upon her lap, while she placed the fruit into a large yellow crock at her left.

"So you're turning the house upside down, are you, for that lazy lout?"

"I declare, Joshua, I ain't never seen nobody like you. You ought to think yerself honored to have such a smart, edjicated man under your roof. The Superintendent wouldn't have asked anybody to take him. Ain't there the Joneses and the Jenkinse and the Landses, all of 'em sick with jealousy 'cause they didn't git him, and here you are don't want to give the poor man breakfast at a decent hour after he's been traveling all day yestiddy."

"Oh, I don't care what time he eats his breakfast, but I'd think you'd get mighty tired fixing two or three breakfasts every mawnin'; what's more, I don't see no sense in throwin' everything out of gear for him, we ain't never done it for the school-teachers heretofore."

"Yes, but the school-teachers heretofore have been very different from Mr. Graves. It's a real Godsend, Joshua, to have a perlite gentleman to talk to after all the skinny, long-necked old maid teachers we've had in

Millville. I sized him up when he first came las' night, and the minute I put my eye on him says I to myself, that's a gentleman. And did you notice how he looked at Livy right away, Joshua?"

"Um!" was Joshua's only remark, as he took another hot biscuit.

"Livy's a right smart-lookin' girl when she's dressed up, and when she frizzles her hair, nobody who don't know her would take her to be nigh thirty-six. To my mind, it certainly is rale good luck to have this nice gentleman in the house. Now Livy can get to all the parties this winter, and you know yerself, Joshua, the reason she ain't married is 'cause she ain't never been out much."

"My advice is, don't count your chickens afore they're hatched," remarked Farmer Perkins, as he rose, went to the door and took down his big farm hat from the peg, then passed through the adjoining kitchen into the yard.

Mrs. Perkins for a moment unheeded his departure, then started up, almost dropping the bowl on her lap.

"Law, now, I knew I'd forget it." She ran to the kitchen window and screamed at the broad back of Joshua as he moved towards the meadows:

"Joshua! O, Joshua! Go by the post office on your way home this evening and see if the schoolteacher got any mail, and be sure and bring the *Endeavor*, it is time for it."

Mrs. Joshua, satisfied by a nod from Joshua's big hat that he had heard, went back to the dining room and began to busy herself preparing the second breakfast, for the new schoolmaster of Millville, who had arrived at the Perkins Farm on the previous evening.

Owing to the scarcity of young men at Millville, marriages were few and far between, and owing to the salubrious climate and peaceful life of the little community, deaths were seldom. The cardinal interests were the horse show, the protracted meetings, and the occasional arrival of a new school-teacher. This summer the curiosity and excitement over the new teacher had become intense, for the facetious old Superintendent, Mr. Bob Snider, had whispered in the ear of one of the numerous Millville spinsters that the new teacher was a bachelor. It is needless to say that before nightfall of the same day the news had reached every house in the country about, however humble or remote. At the supper hour, Millville's nimble imagination was busy as to where the new school-teacher would board, and what he would look like.

The next morning, at the meeting of the Woman's Missionary Society

of the Zion Methodist Church, every member was present, even Pastor Larkins dropped in, ostensibly to give a few words of encouragement, but really to glean some crumbs of gossip concerning the fresh and live topic. Thus, until the fifteenth of September, the interest in the new schoolmaster grew, so that long before his arrival in Millville he was a reality to the community. Aspiring old maids had already begun to save up to buy new fall hats, and every mother had planned a party to throw him in some way with Mary or Jenny or Sue.

Is it a wonder, then, that Mrs. Joshua Perkins considered herself particularly favored on this morning of September fifteenth that she had been asked by the Superintendent to board the schoolmaster? She was too wise a woman not to know that she was being reviled and slandered behind her back by those who were most flattering to her face, yet with this knowledge, she could not repress a sensation of pride that she was the one especially envied of the neighborhood.

That Mr. Graves had not come up to her beau ideal of a hero she would not have admitted even to Livy, but consoled herself with the thought that sense and good looks seldom go hand in hand, and she determined to show just what she could do when it came to being a hostess. His first breakfast was to be a marvel. She passed energetically from kitchen to dining room, looking at the puffy muffins in the oven, then arranging the roses on the table. The cuckoo chirped seven times from the mantelpiece. Gracious! it was a whole hour to breakfast. Livy was upstairs attiring herself in the new muslin her father had brought her from the city the last time he went up, and Mr. Graves was doubtless sleeping peacefully. Mrs. Perkins went to the window and looked out. To her surprise, there roaming in the garden was the tall, slim figure of Mr. Graves, his entire face buried in a large book. Hastily untying her apron strings and giving a pat to her hair as she passed the little mirror which hung over the tin washbasin, Mrs. Perkins, with a smiling countenance, ran out into the garden to greet him.

"Good morning, Mr. Graves," she said cheerily.

Mr. Graves was mumbling something to himself about the hypotenuse and right angle, and did not reply.

"I trust you slept well after your journey, sir!"

Mr. Graves looked up surprised and startled.

"Eh? What?"

"I was only asking after your health, sir."

"O yes, yes—well, it is all right—thank you, thank you."

Mr. Graves evinced a nervous haste to return to his book.

"Beautiful morning, isn't it? The country is so beautiful this time o' year."

"Is it? O, so it is, yes."

"Well, you just make yourself at home while I go in and get breakfast."

"O, yes. I thank you, thank you."

At breakfast, Olivia was resplendent in her frizzles and her much-befrilled muslin. She knew herself to be the center of interest and lived up to the responsibility. Attentively she listened to every word Mr. Graves spoke, and introduced entirely irrelevant opinions about Shakespeare and other poets, in order to display the knowledge she had especially prepared for his sake. Mrs. Perkins, with a mother's and a housewife's pride, beamed behind the coffee urn, every now and then venturing a few remarks herself. Notwithstanding the pointed efforts of mother and daughter to be entertaining, Mr. Graves looked from time to time at the old clock upon the mantel and seemed anxious to start to the schoolhouse.

Mrs. Perkins perceived his glances toward the mantel.

"You expect to open school this morning, don't you, Mr. Graves? So I 'spose you are kind o' anxious to be off. Now, Olivia can hitch up Jinny and take you in no time."

"Er—thank you, thank you—that'll be so much trouble for the young lady. I passed the schoolhouse on my way up last evening and I can easily find it, so if you'll excuse me, I'll bid you good-morning."

"Isn't he just too graceful, Ma?" sighed Olivia, as Mr. Graves passed out of the front door.

II

Mr. Joshua Perkins, after a hard day's work in the field, sat on one side of the big log fire in the dining room, smoking his pipe and reading the *Endeavor*, Mrs. Joshua sat on the other side knitting, while between them slept Tom, the cat.

"Maria," remarked Joshua, after several violent puffs of smoke, "here's something that'll interest you. The Jenkinses are going to give a party next Saturday night. Ha! Ha! Ha!" roaring as he threw back his head. "I 'spose that's in honor of the schoolmaster, too. Ha! Ha! Ha! wouldn't

I like to see him dance!" After a full moment's enjoyment of laughter, Joshua continued through pipe-clenched teeth:

"I declare I never seen so much fuss made over one man in my life—and what does he care about it? He's the most miserable-looking thing at a party I ever saw. He looks around like somebody seekin'."

"Dear Joshua," said Maria, with a condescending air, "you men folks are so commonplace. Why, I think that far-away look is particular attractive and scientific."

"Scientific bosh! He's the biggest sheep-head I ever saw; can't tell 'sparagus from potato vine to save his neck. I am glad I ain't got no young ones for him to teach, and what's more, if we have any more explosions like we had las' night, I'm not a-goin' to put up with him a minute longer, a-filling this house with his ungodly smelling chemicals and a-blowin' this roof nearbout off'n our heads. I don't see why he don't carry them chemicals out in that old shack I give him. Heaven only knows what he's been hatchin' in there since the first of September. He's sneakin' round there mighty mysterious like these days. I have been by there once or twice and I ain't heard no racket short o' thunder kin equal the fuss he makes in that 'ere place. It won't 'sprise me to see that old shack rise in the air one o' these here days. He's a funny duck, but bless my soul! I can't help myself from likin' him, even with all his tomfoolery, though I know no man who don't go to church no more'n he does is 'bliged to come to some bad end. It's my opinion he's got a big heart and heap o' sense he don't wear on his sleeve. If you women folks didn't tantalize him so, he'd be all right."

The cuckoo here interrupted Mr. Perkins by announcing the hour of eleven.

"Look here, Maria, it's high time Livy was back here. If I'd been home I wouldn't never let her go gallivantin' to no party with that freak of human nature."

"Pshaw, Joshua! How you do talk! First you callin' the poor fellow a sheep-head, and then you makin' like you think he's mighty smart, and now you turn right round and call him a freak. Besides, eleven o'clock ain't late for young folks at a party."

"Well, if they ain't here soon I'm going to fetch 'em."

Farmer Perkins, having pronounced this intention, returned to his paper and was soon nodding, sprinkling the ashes of his corn-cob pipe upon his velveteen waistcoat.

Mrs. Perkins almost ceased to breathe for fear she should wake him. After she had maneuvered for several weeks to arrange matters so that Mr. Graves would have to take Livy to the big party of the season, she did not intend that her efforts should be foiled by Joshua's bringing Olivia home before the refreshments were served.

Since the school-teacher's arrival, there had been an unbroken succession of gaieties; and, though Mr. Graves detested social functions and didn't hesitate to say so, still the obligation of making him the center of honor and attention had fallen upon the community, and it had to be fulfilled. Unused to flattery and awkward among the gentler sex, he was altogether embarrassed by the overtures of the spinsters and the sly glances of the pretty damsels. In fine, Millville had been a greater disappointment to Mr. Graves than he to Millville. For even the provincial ignorance could appreciate, in a measure, the striking personality of the man aside from his awkwardness and homeliness; while to him the flippant, gossipy village was worse than the cramped and indifferent city, whence he had fled expectantly to the country.

Having no home ties, no family dependent on him, and no other external interests whatever, he had so steeped himself in science that the very essence of his life was being sapped by it. At length poverty forced him to leave the confines of a tiny room in a third-story building for a minor position in the graded school in Millville, where he anticipated the joy of working out his pet theories in rural quiet and simplicity. In his home, his abilities had never been recognized, for he was a man of scientific genius, and with encouragement and means might have become an inventor of note. But no one seemed to know or understand him; mystery had followed him even to Millville. His secret recourse to the old shack behind the Perkins barn had been discovered by his mischievous pupils, and they had told it among their elders, whence the most thrilling stories had developed.

Only the little children who were unbiased by criticism now followed him, the young girls and old maids having almost given up the chase. But Mrs. Perkins was not one to despair; she had set her mind upon capturing the school-teacher for Livy, and she could not fail. Of late, Mr. Graves had decided that the way of least resistance was to be attentive to Miss Livy, so as Mrs. Perkins sat by the fire this evening, she dreamed of conquest and resulting happiness for Livy.

Mr. Perkins slept on. The fire now and then sank and then burst

into brighter flame. It was almost time for the reappearance of the cuckoo, and Mrs. Perkins nervously began to ply the needles faster and faster. Suddenly, at the sound of a step on the door mat, she crept hurriedly and noiselessly into the hall and opened the door.

There in the darkness before her stood Livy, the curl all out of her locks and her new pink dress all spattered in mud.

"My precious lamb! What is the matter?"

"Let me in quick, Ma, and I'll tell yer," whispered Livy.

"Well, come right on upstairs and by no means don't let your pa hear you."

Once in her own room with her mother, and certain that the door was closed behind her, Livy, in great excitement, commenced:

"Ma, what do you think? Mr. Graves has told me the story of his life," then, in a whisper, "He has even told me the secret of the barn!"

"Well, child! do go on and tell me what it is."

"It was such a beautiful moonlight night on our way, and he was so romantic and said how he had planned it, and dreamt of it, and now it was nigh finished."

"Well, Livy, what in the name of Heaven is it?"

"Ma, it's an airship!"

"Holy Saint Peter! Made right here in sight of my own house! And what's he going to do with it?"

"Well, Ma, he didn't come flat out and say so, but I knew what he was a-drivin' at. Of course, it's for our honeymoon."

"My precious lamb! I'm so happy! I knew I'd bring him around. Where is the dear man, I must go to him?"

"Why, Ma, while we were at the party he whispered to me that he had thought of some way to fix that ship, and just rushed off 'fore even the cake and cream was passed. So when the time come I just slipped off and come home by myself."

"You did exactly right, Livy, it would never have done to let those Jenkins girls see you without a beau. Law! I heard your pa stirring. Do hurry and go to sleep," and with a hasty kiss Mrs. Perkins went out mumbling to herself something about the poor fellow being out in the cold barn.

III

On the morrow, a beautiful Sabbath morning in April, peace and joy

reigned around the Perkins family board. Mr. Perkins, in his frock coat, fairly radiated good feeling as he contemplated performing the duties of a steward in the Zion Methodist Church. He was good-natured to that extent that he feigned mirth over Mr. Graves's numerous jokes, though not comprehending a point to any of them. Mrs. Perkins and Livy were self-sacrificing enough to let the men monopolize the conversation. But the April sunshine was soon dispelled when Mr. Perkins arose from the table and announced that it being time for Sunday School, he would hitch the carryall. Whereupon Mrs. Perkins said she saw no need of hitching anything save the buggy, since she, having let the cook off to attend a funeral, must therefore remain at home, and Livy must necessarily rest after her previous night's dissipation. Mr. Perkins at once divined that his wife and daughter had a more potent reason for remaining at home than had been given. Had it been any other day, he might have given away to his feelings, but duty bound on Sunday to fulfill the part of model steward, he merely turned in righteous indignation and left the room. Mr. Graves, perceiving the situation, was on the point of following him, but Mrs. Perkins cornered him before he had the opportunity, by speaking volubly her joy over his intended plans. Her incoherent and veiled speeches were wholly unintelligible to him; he felt himself being pinned down to something, but for the life of him he did not know what. He blushed and toyed with his watch chain, and attempted to change the subject by introducing bits of scandal which he had read in the *Endeavor*, but to no effect. Mrs. Perkins was determined to have her say. Finally, in desperation, the tormented man muttered something about an engagement, and fled from the kitchen door.

Mrs. Perkins, with glowing satisfaction, went to join Livy, who had modestly retired to the kitchen during this conversation to wash the dishes. That young lady was informed in a tone of finality that she need not worry, that any man as nervous and as bashful as Mr. Graves surely meant business; that she, Mrs. Perkins, could not be fooled in such matters, since Joshua had been exactly the same way and had required her helping hand before he grew to any point; that her father's opposition would be a small item, for she, her mother, knew precisely how to manage him, having done so for a number of years. Livy's anxious fears thus subsided and, laying aside the clean dishes, she became most enthusiastic over her prospects as she listened to her mother dilating upon how many yards of lace she would need for her trousseau.

Suddenly, terrified shrieks arose from the meadows. Mrs. Perkins immediately concluded that old Mr. Collins, the nearest neighbor, had another attack of fits, and ran to the window to offer assistance, when she saw Sambo, Pete, and Tom running as if the sheriff were upon them, and yelling like mad. To her anxious inquiries concerning the trouble, the answer came:

"Look in the east, Miss Maria! Lawd o'massy! Miss Maria, do look in the east!"

Mrs. Perkins directed her eyes toward the Zion Methodist Church. A large crowd appeared to be looking up at a small object suspended in the air. With a command to Livy to follow, Mrs. Perkins dashed out of the door toward the scene of action. She and Livy arrived on the outskirts of the crowd just in time to see Mr. Graves soaring up on what looked like a cross between a bicycle and a sail with spreading wings. A silent awe hovered over the little body of people, as the peculiar figure grew smaller and smaller, then passed from view. Mrs. Perkins's tongue was silenced for once in her life, and only the sobs of Livy, muffled by the dish towel, could be heard.

Thus departed Nathaniel Graves from Millville, leaving the prospects of many a maiden, young and old, crushed behind him. No more was ever heard of him in that little village of gossip and scandal.

A. R. R.





Old Dominion Club

OFFICERS

RUTH RIDDICK *President*
 KATE BROSIUS *Vice President*
 LOIS EMBREE *Secretary and Treasurer*

MEMBERS

LAURA AGNEW	MARIE ARCHER	ELLEN BAKER	JULIA BLANKS
MARY SUE BOWMAN	LOIS BRADSHAW	JOSEPHINE BUCHANAN	
ALICE LINCOLN	WILLIE CAMP	ANNA CHRISTIAN	JEANIE COCKE
FLORA BURACHER	MARGARET COCKE	DELIA COHRON	DORA MEEK
MARGARET INGRAM	DOROTHY JUDKINS	KATHLEEN MCCARTNEY	
BESSIE MONROE	KATHLEEN MONROE	CLARE MCCARTNEY	
ELIZABETH MOORE	MARGARET PHILLIPS	MABEL ROBERTS	
ANNETTE ROBERTS	RUTH SIMPSON	MARGARET SPRATT	
KATHARINE WATTS	MARY ZOLLIFFER		
SARA STARKE	CONSTANCE STEARNS	DOROTHY STRICKLAND	
LAURA TUCKER	MAY WALTON	DOROTHY WISE	HAZEL WOOD
RUTH CRUPPER	ADELIN DAVIS	VIRGINIA FOLKS	NELLIE SMITH
MARY DODD FOX	MARGARET GARING	LOUISE GILL	ELOISE HARRIS
CONSTANCE HEINDL	AILEEN HILL	MADLINE HIX	HELEN YODER



Cosmopolitan Club

MOTTO

From foreign lands our paths have led
 At Hollins to make us homes instead

FLOWER

Ylong-ylong

COURTNEY RUDD (<i>Pres.</i>)	San Juan, P. R.
MURIEL BOONE	Shanghai, China
JOY TATUM	Shanghai, China
BELLE MCCOMB	Paris, France
HELENE FRIEDLEIN	Havana, Cuba



Texas Club

OFFICERS

ANNE HINES.....*President*
 GRACE THAMES.....*Vice President*
 ANNA MUCKLERoy.....*Secretary and Treasurer*

MEMBERS

ELIZABETH COCKE.....Brownsville
 LUCY EARLY.....Waco
 ELMA ROSSER.....Dallas
 MARJORIE WAKEFIELD.....Dallas
 GRACE THAMES.....Taylor
 MILDRED HARDY.....Corsicana
 MATTIE LEE DILWORTH ..San Antonio
 MARGARET WITTING.....San Antonio
 HILDA SORENSON.....El Paso
 MARGARET BRYAN.....El Paso
 LOUISE GAUSE.....Ft. Worth
 GERALDINE SMITH.....Ft. Worth
 MARION DUNCAN.....Ft. Worth
 GRACE MANN.....Sulphur Springs
 ANNEGENE SPECHT.....Quanah
 MARGUERITE RUST.....Wharton
 HALLIE RUST.....Wharton
 MARY THORNHILL.....Paris



Illinois Club

COLORS

Blue and Gold

FLOWER

Cornflower

SONG

"My Illinois"

OFFICERS

FRANCES MITCHELL.....*President*
 ESTELLE ANGIER.....*Secretary*

MEMBERS

ELEANOR BARNES.....Decatur
 VIRGINIA WATROUS.....Chicago
 ELINOR MITCHELL.....Mt. Carmel
 JESSIE PEASE.....Chicago
 IONE MOODY.....La Grange
 ESTELLE ANGIER.....Chicago
 FRANCES MITCHELL.....Mt. Carmel



Yankee Club

"Yankee Doodle went to town
Riding on a pony,
Stuck a feather in his hat,
And they called him "Macaroni"!"

COLORS
Gold and White

FLOWER
Goldenrod

OFFICERS

FRANCES MITCHELL, Illinois *President*
ELISABETH THOMPSON, Pennsylvania *Secretary and Treasurer*

HONORARY MEMBERS

MRS. J. A. TURNER
MISS MAVIDA FISKE
MR. C. HOFFMAN
MR. RUPERT NEILY
MISS V. PELL
MRS. C. HOFFMAN

MEMBERS

ELISABETH THOMPSON	Pennsylvania
ANGELINE OBERHOLTZER	Pennsylvania
ELEANOR SCULL	Pennsylvania
ROSE HEILMAN	Indiana
BARBARA WILLIAMS	Ohio
ELINOR MITCHELL	Illinois
EMILY NETTERVILLE	Indiana
DOROTHY SHUPP	Pennsylvania
JULIET GIBSON	Pennsylvania
JEANNETTE HUBBELL	Ohio
ALICE JOHNSON	Minnesota
ELEANOR BARNES	Illinois
FLORENCE BARLOW	Ohio
ELIZABETH STRIEBINGER	Ohio
ANNA BREWER	New York
MARGUERITE HEARSEY	New Jersey
VIRGINIA WATROUS	Illinois
ESTELLE ANGIER	Illinois
MILDRED WIGGIN	New Jersey
CONSTANCE RUSBY	New Jersey
MARY SIMONS	Michigan
JULIA COX	New York
ALICE BANCROFT	Colorado
HELEN ROBERTSON	Ohio
RUTH HARTMAN	New York
MARIE MANN	Michigan
KATE MEHLIG	Indiana
MOZELLE EMERSON	Ohio
STELLA BALDWIN	Missouri
FRANCES MITCHELL	Illinois
MARY DIVEN	Indiana
ELOISE BUCHER	Ohio
HELEN BUCHER	Ohio
LORETTA JOHNSON	Ohio
LOUIZE HOYT	Ohio
HAZEL SIMONS	Michigan
EDNA BELL	Pennsylvania
IONE MOODY	Illinois
JESSIE PEASE	Illinois
BEATRICE CLINE	Ohio

West Virginia Club

COLORS

Blue and Gold

SONG

West Virginia Hills

FLOWER

Rh. dodendron

GRACE NEVIN MCCOY..... *President*
 VERA HYLTON..... *Vice President*
 DAISY PACK..... *Secretary and Treasurer*

MEMBERS

JESSE PERKINS..... Princeton
 DAISY PACK..... Bramwell
 VERA HYLTON..... Princeton
 EMILY SCHOEW..... Bramwell
 HELEN CORKE..... Charleston
 VIVIAN CARTER... Fayetteville
 INA DAVIS..... Charleston
 BESSIE MARTIN..... Parkersburg
 MARGARET BASSEL..... Lost Creek
 PAULINE McCONIHAY..... Charleston
 GRACE MCCOY..... Sistersville
 AUGUSTA PLUMLEY..... Hinton



WEST VIRGINIA CLUB



Missouri Club

HELEN HARRIS *President*
STELLA BALDWIN *Vice President*

MEMBERS

STELLA BALDWIN Appleton City
IRENE BROWN Kansas City
MARY BYLER St. Louis
HELEN HARRIS Sedalia
AGNES SHACKLEFORD Jefferson City
KITTY MAY SETTLE Centralia



Alabama Club

MOTTO
Meet to eat

SONG
Alabama

COLORS
Red and White

OFFICERS

FLORRIE MALONE *President*
MAMIE SINGLETON *Vice President*
ELIZABETH BROWN *Treasurer*

MEMBERS

ELIZABETH BROWN ... Montgomery
GLADYS HUDSON Montgomery
SUSAN LIPSCOMB Auburn
FLORRIE MALONE Dothan
SUSIE NEWMAN Huntsville
MARGARET NEWMAN Huntsville
EVELYN REYNOLDS Birmingham
MAMIE SINGLETON Union Springs
ANNIE TYSON Montgomery
MARY CHILTON TYSON ... Montgomery
MYRTLE THOMPSON ... Montgomery
CORA YOUNG

Tar Heel Club

SONG
Carolina

COLORS
Blue and White

JULIE G. OWEN.....*President*
SWANNANOA HORNE.....*Secretary*

MEMBERS

DOUGLAS HILL.....Durham
LALLA BURTON.....Henderson
CARRIE BURTON.....Henderson
ALMERIA STEVENSON.....Wilmington
LOUISE PEPPER.....Winston-Salem
KATE McDANIEL.....Kinston
MILDRED McDANIEL.....Kinston
EDITH PIPKIN.....Reidsville
FRANCES OATES.....Asheville
SARAH TANNER.....Charlotte



TAR HEEL CLUB



Kentucky Club

OFFICERS

RACHEL WILSON President
 ANNABELLE LEWIS Secretary

MEMBERS

LOUISE BUCKNER..... Erlanger
 AMARYNTHIA SMITH..... Louisville
 MARY EWING GAITSKILL..... Winchester
 ALICE BUCKNER..... Erlanger
 ANNABELLE LEWIS Maysville
 HELEN MCGUIRE..... Portland, Ore.
 FLORENCE BROWN..... Catlettsburg
 RACHEL WILSON LaGrange



Buckeye Club

ELOISE BUCHER	JEANNETTE HUBBELL.....	Urbana
BARBARA WILLIAMS.....	LORETTA JOHNSON	Urbana
LOUIZE HOYT.....	HELEN ROBERTSON.....	Cincinnati
FLORENCE BARLOW	MOSELLE EMERSON	Bellefontaine
ELIZABETH STRIEBINGER.....		Cleveland



South Carolina Club

COLORS
Gold and White

SONG
"Ho! to Carolina"

FLOWER
Yellow Jessamine

OFFICERS

LOIS MONTGOMERY.....*President* LAURA CHAPMAN....*Vice President*
MARY LAKE.....*Secretary and Treasurer*

MEMBERS

MARY BOUKNIGHT.....Leesville
ANNIE COOLEY.....Anderson
LAURA CHAPMAN.....Spartanburg
RUTH HARRIS.....Spartanburg
SARAH JAMISON.....Greenwood
KATE NICHOLLS.....Spartanburg
MARY LAKE.....Laurens
LOIS MONTGOMERY.....Spartanburg
HETTY LAKE.....Laurens
MARTHA WATSON.....Johnston

HONORARY MEMBERS

MISS BOYD MISS FOSTER MR. CUMMINGS



Georgia Club

OFFICERS

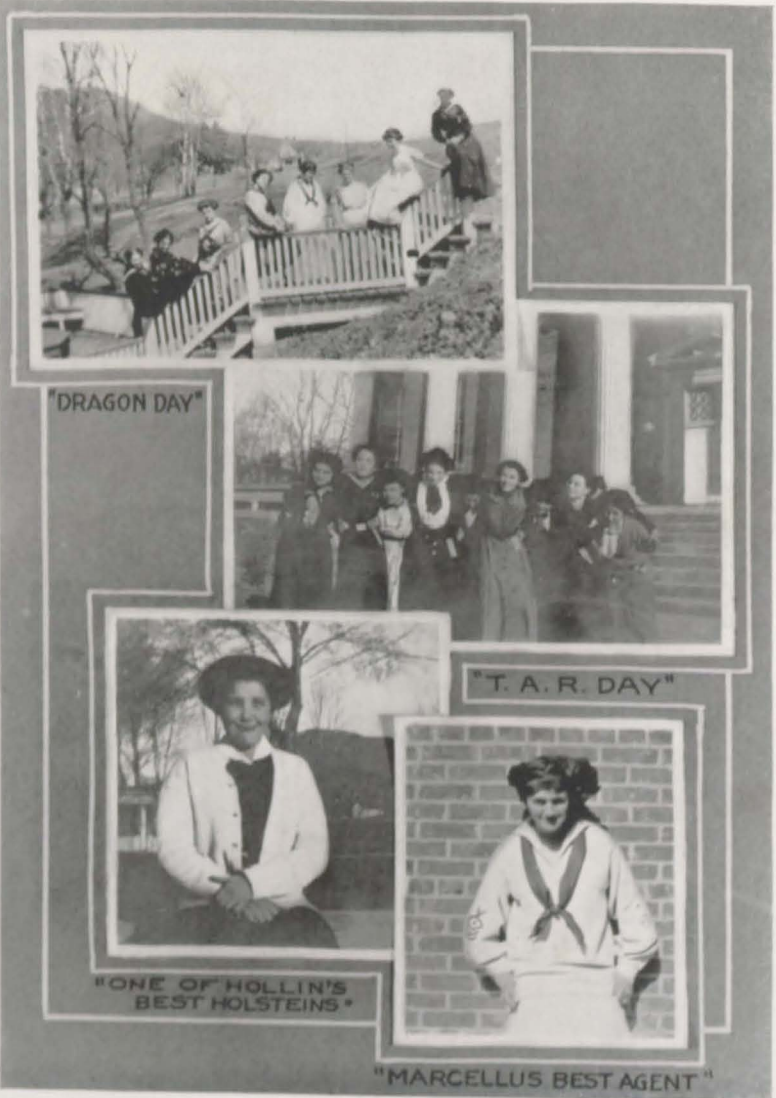
MARY C. GRIFFIN.....*President* WILLIE MUSE.....*Vice President*
CATHERINE CALLAWAY.....*Secretary and Treasurer*

MEMBERS

MADA ROUNTREE.....Quitman HAZEL PAYNE.....Columbus
LAURA LEE COONEY.....Atlanta JEANNETTE LOWNDES.....Atlanta
LUELLE STRICKLAND.....Valdosta CATHERINE CALLAWAY.....Augusta
ALINE GOREE.....Atlanta NANNETTE WILLIS.....Augusta
WILLIE MUSE.....Atlanta ABIGAIL STOCKBRIDGE.....Atlanta
MARY C. GRIFFIN.....Atlanta AGNES FULLER.....Augusta

HONORARY MEMBERS

MRS. CUTHBERTSON MRS. CHARLES COCKE



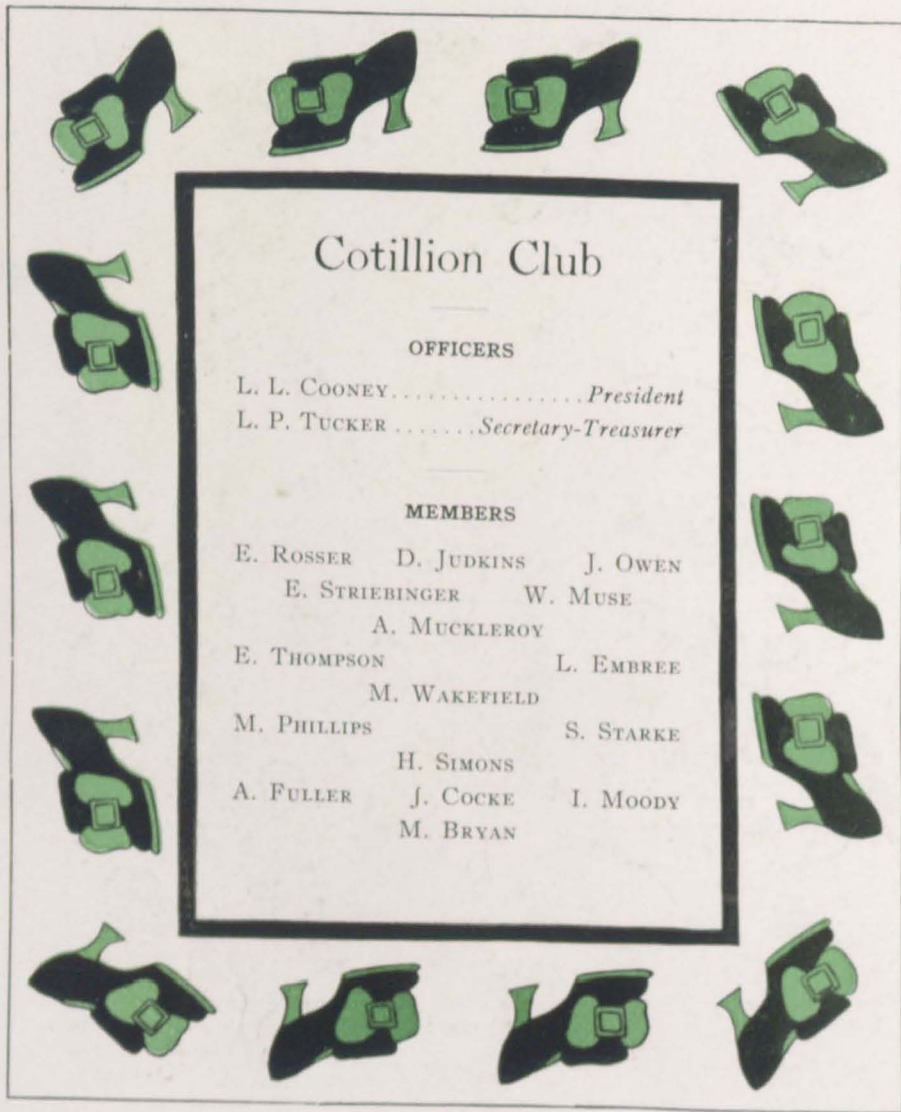
"DRAGON DAY"

"T. A. R. DAY"

"ONE OF HOLLIN'S
BEST HOLSTEINS"

"MARCELLUS BEST AGENT"





Cotillion Club

OFFICERS

L. L. COONEY *President*
 L. P. TUCKER *Secretary-Treasurer*

MEMBERS

E. ROSSER	D. JUDKINS	J. OWEN
E. STRIEBINGER	W. MUSE	
	A. MUCKLEROV	
E. THOMPSON		L. EMBREE
	M. WAKEFIELD	
M. PHILLIPS		S. STARKE
	H. SIMONS	
A. FULLER	J. COCKE	I. MOODY
	M. BRYAN	



COTILLION CLUB



Dramatic Club

The Dramatic Club Presents:

"The Pugnacious Pursuit of Pidgy and Pinky"

OR

"Who Ate Fido's Breakfast?"

CAST

Pidgy	JEANIE COCKE
Pinky	ELVIRA ROSSER
Weenie Wise Guy	RODORA HEILMAN
Pop Wise Guy	LANGUISHING COONEY
Little Wise Guy	HOKY-POKY RUSSELL
Dr. Obadiah Bink	LONGFEET TUCKER
Sherlock Holmes Bluffinton	FOXY MALONE
Mr. Tightwad Moneybags	HEFTY SIMONS
Mrs. Tighter Moneybags	PRICILLA PHILLIPS
Three Shrieks at 12 P. M.	KERIMA BROSIUS

ORCHESTRA

Leader	SOUSER SINGLETON	
1st Flute	WIGGIN	OWEN
2d Encore	THOMPSON	JUDKINS
	Main Comb	
	Little Comb	

ELIZABETH STRIEBINGER
 AGNES SHACKELFORD
 STELLA BALDWIN
 HELEN HARRIS
 ROSE HEILMAN
 FLORRIE MALONE
 MARGARET PHILLIPS
 WILLIE MUSE
 JEANNETTE LOWNDES
 MILDRED WIGGIN
 HAZEL SIMONS
 HELEN NETHERLANDS
 IRENE BROWN
 HAZEL RUSSELL
 IONE MOODY
 FRANCES MITCHELL
 ELISABETH THOMPSON
 LORETTA JOHNSON
 SWANNANOA HORNE
 JEANIE COCKE

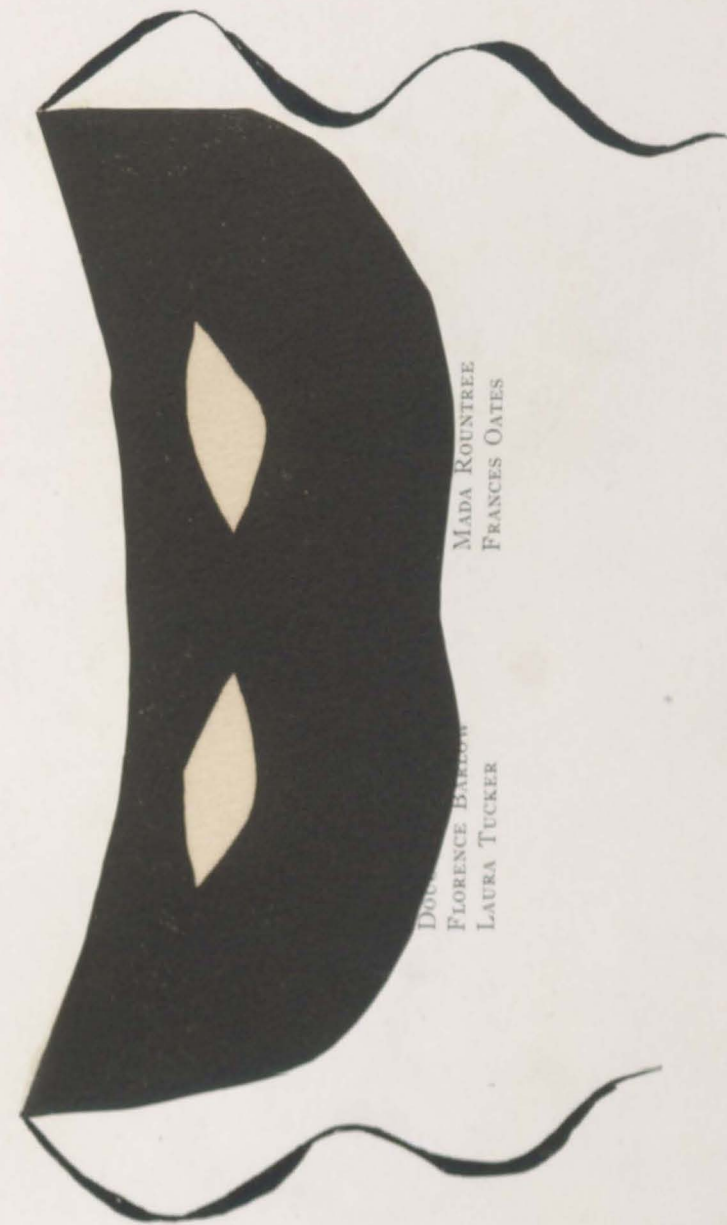




LAURA LEE COONEY
 ELISABETH THOMPSON
 HELEN NETHERLANDS
 LOIS EMBREE
 FRANCES OATES
 MARGARET SCOTT
 ANGELINE OBERHOLTZER

RACHEL WILSON
 HAZEL RUSSELL
 ADALINE DAVIS
 JEANNETTE HUBBELL
 DOROTHY JUDKINS
 ROSE HEILMAN
 JULIE G. OWEN

MASKERS



DOUGLAS
 FLORENCE BARLOW
 LAURA TUCKER
 MADA ROUNTREE
 FRANCES OATES

T A R

JULIE OWEN
FRANCES MITCHELL
FLORENCE BARLOW
MARGARET SCOTT

SWANNANOA HORNE
HELEN HARRIS
JEANNETTE HUBBELL
LAURA LEE COONEY
ROSE HEILMAN



D-R-A-G-O-N

STELLA BALDWIN	LAURA TUCKER	DOUGLAS HILL
HAZEL RUSSELL	MARGARET PHILLIPS	
RUTH RIDDICK	MADA ROUNTREE	ELIZABETH STREIBINGER
LOIS MONTGOMERY		WILLIE MUSE
IRENE BROWN		JEANIE COCKE



The Rock Family

FIRST FAMILY OF HOLLINS

Mother Rock.....K. M. SETTLE—Little Pebble Rock.....	} TWINS {	F. MALONE
Father Rock.....M. LAKE—Little Pebble Prime Rock.....		L. MONTGOMERY
Stepdaughter.....	Teeny Boulder.....	R. RIDDICK
Adopted Son.....	Pulverized Rock.....	B. WILLIAMS
Friend of the Family—Governess.....	Tilly Slowboy.....	K. BROSIUS
SWEET (BRIAR) COUSINS {	Grits—EUGENIA BUFFINGTON..	Brick.....HENRIETTA WASHBURN
	Asphalt—NELLE KELLAR.....	Macadam.....ALMA BOOTH





Strikers

MEMBERS

FRANCES MITCHELL
SWANNANOA HORNE
GRACE THAMES
ANNIE COOLEY
JEANNETTE LOWNES
HETTY LAKE

LAURA LEE COONEY
HELEN MCGUIRE
BARBARA WILLIAMS
MADA ROUNTREE
MARY LAKE

ROSE HEILMAN
STELLA BA'DWIN
EMILY NETTERVILLE
ELINOR MITCHELL
RUTH HARRIS
DIXIE LAMBERT



Night Hawks

MOTTO

"Eat, drink and be merry, for to-morrow we die"

DOROTHY JUDKINS
FLORENCE BARLOW
SARAH TANNER
HELEN CORKE
DOROTHY SHUPP
RUTH SIMPSON
ELISABETH THOMPSON
ELLEN BAKER
MARGARET BRYAN
GRACE MCCOY
JULIET GIBSON
MARGUERITE HEARSEY

SWANNANOA HORNE

ELMA ROSSER
CONSTANCE RUSBY
DOROTHY PORTER
AMARYNTHIA SMITH
NANNETTE WILLIS
RACHEL WILSON
ELIZABETH MOORE
MARY THORNHILL
DOROTHY STRICKLAND
JULES COX
KATE MEHLIG
CORA YOUNG



Strikers

MEMBERS

FRANCES MITCHELL		ROSE HEILMAN
SWANNANOA HORNE	LAURA LEE COONEY	STELLA BARDWIN
GRACE THAMES	HELEN MCGUIRE	EMILY NETTERVILLE
ANNIE COOLEY	BARBARA WILLIAMS	ELINOR MITCHELL
JEANNETTE LOWNES	MADA ROUNTREE	RUTH HARRIS
HETTY LAKE	MARY LAKE	DIXIE LAMBERT

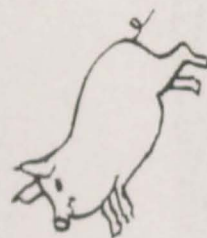


Night Hawks

MOTTO

"Eat, drink and be merry, for to-morrow we die"

DOROTHY JUDKINS	SWANNANOA HORNE	ELMA ROSSER
FLORENCE BARLOW		CONSTANCE RUSBY
SARAH TANNER		DOROTHY PORTER
HELEN CORKE		AMARYNTHIA SMITH
DOROTHY SHUPP		NANNETTE WILLIS
RUTH SIMPSON		RACHEL WILSON
ELISABETH THOMPSON		ELIZABETH MOORE
ELLEN BAKER		MARY THORNHILL
MARGARET BRYAN		DOROTHY STRICKLAND
GRACE MCCOY		JULES COX
JULIET GIBSON		KATE MEHLIG
MARGUERITE HEARSEY		CORA YOUNG



D.—F. F.

WATCHWORD
More

MOTTO
Pigs is Pigs

HOGS

SINGLETON
HILL

HUBBELL
RIDDICK

HARRIS

BURTON

EMBREE

PIGS

STRIEBINGER
PHILLIPS
SIMONS, M.
SHACKLEFORD
CHAPMAN

FULLER

WAKEFIELD
SIMONS, H.
BURTON, C.
MONTGOMERY
EMERSON

JOHNSON

MUCKLEROY

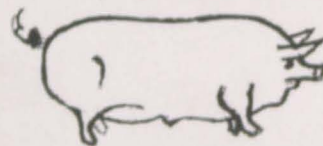
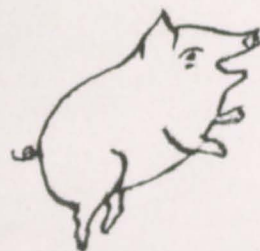
BARLOW

ROSSER

MAN

Absentee Hog

BALDWIN



Midnight Scholars

FRANCES OATES

ELOISE BUCHER

HELEN BUCHER

GRACE MANN

GERRY SMITH

DOROTHY JUDKINS

MADLINE HIX

MARY E. GAITSKILL

IONE MOODY

FLORENCE BROWN

ANGELINE OBERHOLTZER

ELEANOR SCULL

MARION DUNCAN

VIRGINIA WATROUS

ADELINE DAVIS

ELIZABETH AYERS

RUTH CRUPPER

CONSTANCE STEARNS

MILDRED WIGGIN

ALMERIA STEVENSON

ELEANOR BARNES

HONORARY MEMBER

KITTY MAY SETTLE



Epicureans

HAZEL RUSSELL
FLORRIE MALONE
LAURA TUCKER
RACHEL WILSON
JULIE OWEN

MARGARET SCOTT
HELEN NETHERLANDS
ELISABETH THOMPSON
MARY DIVEN
JEANIE COCKE



The Adas



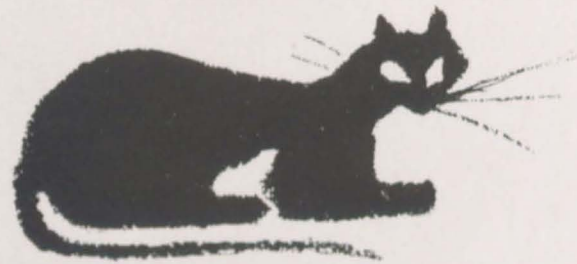
COUNCIL OF ANCIENTS
GRANDPA SINGLETON
OLD MAN PHILLIPS

ADAS IN COLLEGIO
ADA HARRIS ADA COONEY
ADA BALDWIN ADA RUSSEL
ADA HILL ADA HEILMAN

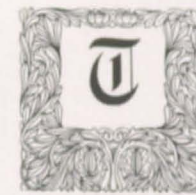
ADA IN URBE
ADA BREWER

ADAS IN FACULTATE
ADA WILLIAMSON
ADA CUTHBERTSON
ADA ESTES COCKE
ADA SUSIE COCKE
AND FAMILY

MEMBERS ON WHOM THE HONORARY DEGREE OF A. D. A. HAS BEEN CONFERRED
BEN GREET A. D. A. HUGH HAGAN A. D. A.
CHARLES WASHBURN A. D. A. LUCIAN COCKE A. D. A.
WILLIS COBB HAGAN A. D. A.



The Cheat



HE letter slipped from Geraldine's nerveless fingers to the floor. She stared at it dully. It lay half unfolded, and across the top, in her father's delicate, old-fashioned hand-writing, ran the words, "Everything gone, my child; the house and—" She turned her head away wearily, and half closed her eyes. "Everything gone," she thought. "Everything! That means rooming—horrid, stuffy little rooms! And people talking like they always do! To go home to that! I can't! I simply can't do it!"

For a long time she sat, without moving; and when at length she picked up the letter to reread it, the room was too dark to see in. She walked to the window and stood staring out a moment. The street lamps were lighted and changed the darkness to a soft haze through which the people moved. Occasionally, snatches of their conversation or a burst of laughter reached her ears. Paris at night! Usually, she thrilled to the lure of it, but now it oppressed her. She lowered the shade and listlessly turned away.

The electric switch was above the fireplace. She pressed it, flooding the whole room with a bright glow. In the light she saw her face reflected in the glass above the mantel. She rested her chin in her hands and stared at herself calmly, critically. Undeniably, she was lovely, with an intense, delicate loveliness, whose appeal was very strong. The brown of her eyes and hair, the white of her skin, and the crimson of her lips pleased the artist in her, and she smiled at the face reflected in the glass. But the letter! Her lips tightened as she remembered, and she fingered it idly.

"What a failure I am!" she said aloud. "What an absolute failure!"

And other people dragged down to my level! Mother and father, homeless and penniless, forced to start afresh when they are old and worn out! Why? Because I must study art abroad, and everything must be mortgaged to send me. Two years of it, and what have I done? Nothing! A few mediocre pictures, and that's the end!" Wearily she pushed a chair beneath the light and reread the letter, her eyes blurred with tears. It was so gentle, so lifeless, as though failure had stricken her father into a passive acceptance. Yet there was no word of reproach for her because of the drain on his resources, nor did he ask her to come back. Only his expressed fear of his wife's feebleness and his own helplessness told her how he needed his girl.

Geraldine wiped her eyes. "I can't go back," she thought. "The squalor, the gossip, the pettiness of that place would kill me. Something will happen to straighten things out. It must happen!" There was a rap on the door.

"Come!" she called.

The knob was turned and a girl entered.

"Why, Leah!" Geraldine rose to her feet. "Come in, child. Is the picture done?"

Leah nodded. "All done, Geraldine, and I'm so happy!" A smile lighted her dark face. She walked over to Geraldine and caught her hands. "Gerrie, I want you to see it. I think it's good!"

"Why, Leah, your hands are like ice! Wasn't there a fire in the studio?"

"No. But never mind that now. Come on!"

"Leah Beckman, the way you take care of yourself is dreadful. I know you will have a cold!" scolded Geraldine, as she followed the girl upstairs. "I don't believe you have had any lunch, either. Now, have you?"

"No. But I didn't need any. I had forgotten everything but the picture." She stood with her hand on the studio door. "Geraldine, no one knows about it. No one has seen it or even heard of it. I wanted you to be the first, the very first."

"Thank you, Leah dear." Geraldine smiled into the thin, eager face upturned to hers. Leah, with a satisfied nod, pushed open the door and entered. Geraldine followed. The chill of the studio struck her, and she shivered.

"Gracious! it's cold here," she began, but the words died away on

her lips. Leah had thrown the light on the picture, and before the face on the canvas Geraldine stood silent, abashed.

The face was old, lined with suffering, but softened and lighted by a great comprehension. There was pity in the tired old eyes, endurance in the thin-drawn lips, but from within came a light, a radiance that suffused the whole—the peace of a soul at rest.

"The Wandering Jew?" she half whispered.

Leah nodded. Her eyes as she looked at her work were soft with happiness. Geraldine, responsive to the pain, the self-contempt in the painted face, stood silent, enthralled.

"You like it?" queried Leah.

Geraldine aroused herself. "It is wonderful, wonderful! Why, Leah, it is a masterpiece!"

"It is a face I have known—and loved," she said simply, stroking the canvas lovingly with her slim brown hand. "But come! You are shivering."

She covered the canvas and led the way from the studio, locking the door behind her. With their arms about each other, the girls descended the stairs. Leah talked with nervous gaiety. The reaction from her long strain had set in.

"I'm going to make some tea, Gerrie, and we will plan what we will do when my picture is sold—and I am famous."

Geraldine was unresponsive. The picture was unusual. She recognized that. More, it was wonderful! The thought of Leah, successful, accepted, famous, threw her own future farther into the shadow. The bitterness of her mediocre success palled on her, and she scarcely heard Leah's chatter. She was glad when the other girl left her.

"I'll see you in the morning, dear," Leah promised. "I'm more tired than I thought."

"You'd better go to bed," admonished Geraldine, noticing the flushed cheeks and drooping mouth of her friend. "You look tired. Good-night."

Left to her own thoughts, she relaxed wearily in her chair. Why was it, she wondered. Leah was no older nor better trained than she was, yet Leah was on the verge of success, while she, Geraldine, had struggled tirelessly and in vain for it. Yet there was some way out. There must be! She would not go home beaten, a failure, to see daily the other failure she had wrought. She sat perfectly motionless, thinking, until late in the night. Her light was still burning when Madame

Farvard, the landlady of the *pension* where the two girls boarded, knocked at the door.

"Miss Geraldine," she called, "Miss Leah is sick, I'm afraid."

Geraldine found Leah, an excited, fever-stricken Leah, sitting up in bed babbling incoherently. The doctor, when he saw her, shook his head gravely. Geraldine followed him from the room when he left.

"What is it?" she asked.

"Pneumonia," he answered her. "I'd advise you to send for her people."

"She has none. At least, I've known her for two years and have never heard her speak of them."

"She will need constant nursing," continued the doctor.

"I'll do that," said Geraldine. "But I want to know exactly what is her condition. Will she live?"

"My dear young lady," returned the doctor, evasively, "there is always hope. But her vitality is very low, and she has been subjected to a great deal of exposure, somewhere."

His manner, better than words, told Geraldine everything. With the premonition of a coming loss, there swept over her, like a flash, Leah's words concerning her picture. "Geraldine, no one knows about it. No one has seen it or heard of it. I wanted you to be the first, the very first." If Leah died, the picture, the masterpiece that meant success, why it might—But she straightened herself with a jerk. Still the thought stuck in her mind. The very shame of it made her hands quick and gentle as she nursed the sick girl. She was tireless. Day and night she was the faithful attendant of the unconscious Leah, tossing in her fever. Madame, the landlady, and M. le Docteur smiled and nodded approvingly to each other at this generous devotion.

Four days later Leah died. Geraldine, weak and worn out by the long strain, stumbled from the room. It was late in the afternoon, and the hall was heavy with shadows. She felt her way up the narrow stairs to the little studio on the third floor. With trembling hands she unlocked the door and entered. The cold of the room sent a chill through her, and the furniture, just as Leah had left it a week before, thrilled her with a sense of loss. Her eyes filled with tears, but she walked unhesitatingly to the corner where the picture stood, shrouded in its covering, tore away the sheet, and, snatching up a palette and brush, she painted out Leah's name and in its place put "Geraldine Beldon."

A week later, the picture was put on exhibition. Its success exceeded her highest hopes. Critics and public alike agreed that it was a masterpiece. Everywhere Geraldine was received as a genius. Her youth, her beauty, her charming manner won all hearts. In the sudden change of her fortunes she found sweetness enough to make the past, at times, seem unreal. Sometimes the picture seemed actually hers; and Leah, ambitious, over-intense Leah, became but a memory—a dear one, to be sure, but very vague, belonging to the long ago.

The picture was sold to an American, a Ruth Van Alstyne. Geraldine met her at the sale.

"My dear, it is lovely! simply beautiful!" she declared. "How did you ever do it, and where did you get your model?"

"It is a face I have known—and loved," said Geraldine simply.

Miss Van Alstyne was highly impressed with the young artist's modesty and charm.

"I'm coming to see you again, if I may," she promised Geraldine.

"I should be delighted," responded Geraldine frankly.

She stood in the window and thoughtfully watched the Van Alstyne carriage as it rolled away. Miss Van Alstyne was reported to be enormously wealthy, and most generous.

She was as good as her word; for she returned and spent an afternoon with Geraldine, becoming even more impressed with the sweetness and generosity of the girl's nature. During the conversation, Geraldine, with tears glistening beneath her lowered lashes, told of her friendship with Leah, the girl's death, and her own consequent loss. Ruth Van Alstyne, always impulsive, was greatly touched.

"My poor child, I'm so sorry for you! Would you—do you think you could put up with my whims and oddities?"

"Oddities? Dear Miss Van Alstyne, I'm sure you have none." Geraldine's voice was very soft.

"Oh, yes I have," laughed Ruth, "lots of them. But, Geraldine—I may call you Geraldine, may I not?—my dear, there is room and welcome for you in my big house."

"You are too kind," murmured Geraldine. "I don't know how to thank you."

"No need to. Half the time I am bored to death with my own insufficiency. Will you come, then?"

"Really, I scarcely know what to say."

"My dear, you will come. I know you will. I'm going to send my carriage for you to-morrow. And since I am to have you all to myself after this, I'll go now."

"Miss Van Alstyne—"

"Geraldine, don't! It embarrasses me to be thanked." She kissed the girl lightly and was gone. When the carriage door slammed and she had driven away, a crooked little smile curved Geraldine's lips. Later, when she was packing her clothes, she laughed aloud.

That winter, life assumed new colors for Geraldine. So strong was the beauty-love in her that the perfections of Ruth Van Alstyne's home seemed to become attributes of her. She reveled in the soft colors and delicate tracteries. The friends she made, artists and singers, most of them, proved very congenial. Ruth Van Alstyne was a most generous and thoughtful friend. Geraldine amused her, and the girl's fresh interest in everything held a charm for the world-weary woman. Geraldine herself responded sensitively to the friendly environment. Her work, in the afterglow of her first success, was well received, and sold readily. She was very happy and wished nothing better than to have affairs continue in the same course in which they were running. But about the middle of winter something happened which opened her eyes to the insecurity of her position.

Returning home rather late from the Academy, one afternoon, she was called into the library, where Ruth was sitting.

"Gerrie, we are going to have company for supper," announced Ruth.

"Are we? Who?" Geraldine stood in the doorway pulling off her gloves.

"Robert Emerson—my nice old Bobbie!" Ruth's face was flushed with excitement.

"Not the Mr. Emerson who—"

"Lived next door to me? The very one. We were brought up together, you know. He's been in Bordeaux on business and he is coming up here for a few weeks. Isn't it splendid?"

"It surely is. And you say he will be here for dinner?"

"Yes. And I must dress right now." She slipped an arm about Geraldine's waist and they walked upstairs together. Geraldine stopped at her own room, while Ruth went on down the hall, singing gaily to herself.

As Geraldine dressed, she wondered idly at Ruth's evident happiness, her flushed face, the break in her voice! Did the coming of a mere friend

mean so much? What if Ruth was in love with him, and this visit was prearranged? They had known each other so long, what would be so natural as their marriage? Then what would become of her, Geraldine? Her hands dropped to her sides. Was she to be forced back into the old life, to the bare white walls of a *pension* and the meager living her income would reduce her to? Never! This love affair, if love affair it was, must be stopped at once. But what could she do? As she stared at the lovely face in the glass before her, she seemed to see Ruth's face beside it; Ruth, with her hard, bright eyes; her wide, kindly mouth; the lines traced by thirty years of strenuous living. Suddenly the crooked little smile curved her lips. Surely, the answer was too easy!

She selected her most becoming gown, a gift of Ruth's. Its soft pink brought out the delicate coloring of her skin. Her hair plaited about her head accentuated her youth. When she had finished, she smiled with satisfaction at the reflection in the mirror, and then descended the stairs. Ruth and Robert Emerson she found before the library fire. A moment later, she stood with her hand in the man's, while she smilingly acknowledged Ruth's introduction.

"Ruth's friends are always mine," he was saying.

"Why, Geraldine is the mainstay of my existence," declared Ruth, and with consummate tact she drew the girl at once into the conversation.

"Geraldine comes from the same part of the old United States that you do, Robert," she continued. "Mr. Emerson has a country home very near 'Red Oaks,'" she explained to Geraldine.

"Oh, how nice! Perhaps we know some of the same people." Geraldine's enthusiasm was almost childlike.

"Perhaps we do," smiled Emerson. "Suppose you name some of them."

Geraldine listed them on her fingers. There were several mutual acquaintances, and Ruth leaned back, smiling, to listen to the conversation that ensued. Before the maid announced dinner, Geraldine rose from her chair and walked to Ruth's. With an impulsive gesture she bent down and pressed her cheek against the older woman's. Emerson's eyes, as he watched her, were plainly admiring.

"Ruth is so foolish, Mr. Emerson," Geraldine's voice was gently reproachful. "She insists that she is getting old, and she won't believe me when I tell her she is still young." Again the fresh young face was pressed against the older one. Ruth flushed and smiled uneasily.

"Isn't she foolish?" repeated Geraldine.

"What? Oh, yes, very!" Emerson's manner was abstracted. What a child Ruth's friend was; but a lovely, unspoiled child.

"Such naïveté!" he murmured to Ruth as they walked to the dining room.

"Yes," agreed Ruth, absently.

During the dinner, Geraldine wisely refrained from intruding on the conversation. "She is shy," was Emerson's inward comment. "That is as pleasing as it is unusual." The genuine regret in his voice, when Geraldine excused herself a little later, assured her that his first impressions were good. She would do what she could to deepen them.

Emerson called at the Van Alstyne home almost every day, yet, strangely enough, the impressions he received from Geraldine as to the time of day when he would most likely find Ruth at home were seldom accurate. But Geraldine was always ready and willing to make him a cup of tea, or entertain him until Miss Van Alstyne returned. So well did she play hostess that sometimes she fancied she detected regret in Emerson's face when Ruth's loud, cheery voice could be heard in the hall. Still, it was Ruth he came to see; Ruth to whom he sent flowers and opera tickets. Ruth's pleasure at the attentions paid her was undisguised. "She will take him in a minute if she gets a chance," thought Geraldine. "I shall have to do something at once." And she did.

One afternoon, late in March, Emerson called up the Van Alstyne home and Geraldine answered the telephone.

"Is Ruth there?" he asked.

"Not just now, Mr. Emerson; but she may be in any minute."

"All right. I'm going to stop in for a cup of tea, if I may."

"She will be very glad, I know," affirmed Geraldine. She shrugged her shoulders as she hung up the receiver.

"What a miserable little story-teller I am getting to be," she thought. "Ruth won't be home until late, and I know it. Oh well, I think I can entertain Mr. Emerson well enough to make his wait a pleasant one."

The short afternoon was drawing to a close when Emerson arrived. The candles were lighted in the library. Red embers from the fireplace filled the room with a dull glow and brought out tiny, sparkling lights in the silver of Ruth's dainty tea set, which stood on the table. Geraldine, in a soft, mist-colored gown, sat by the tea table. The warmth and quiet of the room were very restful after the bluster of out of doors. The

cordial simplicity of Geraldine's welcome was most refreshing. Emerson was tired out, but he responded at once to the quiet delight he felt in the loveliness of the room and its occupant.

"Lord! it's cold out!" he declared, rubbing his hands together in front of the fire.

"Isn't it, though!" Geraldine's tone was gently sympathetic. "You look tired, too. Please take that big armchair and be perfectly comfortable."

"Thanks, I believe I will. When did you say Ruth would be back?"

Geraldine, who was bending over the tea caddy, bit her lips. Always Ruth!

"Oh, before long," she said brightly. "Won't I do until she comes?"

Her voice was wistful at the end, and Emerson was touched. What a friendly little soul she was!

"Do? Why, I don't know where I could find a more charming hostess," he replied.

"That's nice of you. But you know, I always feel so—so absurdly young when I am near you. You have known so many women. I feel that you think of me as a perfect ingénue." There was appeal in the glance which she shot at him through her lashes.

"Why, my dear child!" Emerson was visibly moved. "Not at all, not at all. Your chief charm is your lack of affectation, your candidness."

"Really? I am glad. One lump, or two?"

"Two, please. But say! You know I hate to have you think I look at you like that."

"I won't think of it any more." Geraldine smiled at him over a daintily poised teacup. "Isn't tea the nicest thing in the world? It's so sort of intimate. One always grows to know a person so well over a cup of tea."

"That's so." Emerson's tone was abstracted. How charming Geraldine looked with the firelight playing in lights and shadows across her face.

"It rests one, too. What have you been doing to-day? You look very tired. Business, I suppose?"

"Yes, I have been busy."

"Tell me about it. I love to hear about business affairs—interesting ones."

Emerson laughed. What a nice little thing she was! Geraldine slipped her chin into her hand and leaned forward.

"Tell me," she urged.

"All right. From the very beginning, if you wish to listen."

She not only wished to listen, but she did listen comprehensively. How nice it was for a woman to have an interest in a man's affairs!

So occupied was he with his conversation that he did not hear the carriage roll up to the front door. But Geraldine heard it! She was idly playing with the little alcohol lamp. The front door opened and shut; there were voices in the hall. Still Emerson did not hear.

"Oh, my hand!" Geraldine's voice was tremulous with pain. Emerson started to his feet.

"What is it?" he asked in concern.

"My—my hand! I burned it on that lamp." Geraldine held it out. There was a large white mark just below her slender wrist.

"Oh, I'm sorry! Let me see!" said Emerson, bending over the injured hand.

"We must bind it up. It hurts, I know."

Geraldine heard the rustle of skirts in the doorway, but she bent her head, too.

"Yes," she said softly, "it does hurt." Her face was very near Emerson's.

"Poor little hand!" he said gently.

"Oh!" Geraldine jerked it away. "Why, Ruth, how you startled me! When did you come?"

Ruth Van Alstyne stood in the doorway. Her face was white to the lips. Emerson whirled around.

"Why, Ruth! Glad to—" He stopped.

"Don't let me interrupt you," she said. A moment later she was gone.

"Oh!" cried Geraldine. "She doesn't understand." Emerson showed his distress plainly. "I will explain. Don't worry. You'd better go now, please." Geraldine's voice quivered. "How absurd of Ruth to take that attitude," thought Emerson. "Geraldine is evidently worried about it."

"Yes, I will go now," he said. "Don't worry. Ruth is reasonable. She will understand."

When he had gone, Geraldine hurried upstairs. Ruth was in her own room.

"Come!" she called in answer to Geraldine's knock. "You?" Her voice was hard.

"Ruth! Ruth! I'm so sorry! Tears gathered in Geraldine's eyes as she walked across the room and put her hands on her friend's shoulders. "Dear, I had no idea that he—that he—" She stopped in confusion.

"Loved you?" supplied Ruth evenly. "Well, neither had I. I had every reason to think it was I."

"It is you he loves, I know. He just—"

"Oh, don't. I'm no fool!"

"I will never see him again, Ruth, never, if you say so." The girl's distress was touching.

"There, child. It's all right. You go right ahead. I sail for home to-morrow, anyway."

"For home?" queried Geraldine in amazement.

"Yes. Dad cabled me that he is sick, and I have to go."

"Oh, Ruth!" Geraldine's arms were around her friend's neck, and she was crying on her shoulder. Ruth patted her head gently.

"There, dear. It's all right. I think I'll stay home; go out in the country and rest a while." She sank into a chair and Geraldine pulled a footstool up beside her. For some time they discussed plans. Geraldine was gentleness itself; and the two women went downstairs with their arms about each other.

Ruth sailed for New York the next day, without seeing Emerson. He telephoned in the morning, but Geraldine told him Ruth was out. He was waiting at the house when the girl returned from seeing her friend aboard the steamer.

"I'm sorry I couldn't see Ruth off. I was simply tied up with a business engagement. Did she leave any message?"

"No—" Geraldine's voice was hesitating. "She was still angry. I couldn't make her understand."

Emerson stiffened indignantly. "Rot!" There was silence for some time.

"What are you going to do?" asked the man at length.

"Close up the house; and then—well, I don't know." What a helpless, forlorn little child she was! Emerson crossed the room to her.

"Geraldine," he said, catching up her hands, "Geraldine, let me take care of you."

Geraldine raised her head. "You mean?" she questioned.

"Marry me; now, at once!"

He gathered her, unresisting, into his arms, and Geraldine, her face hidden against his shoulder, smiled a crooked little smile.

They were married quietly. A couple of weeks later, Robert Emerson brought his wife home, to America. Ruth Van Alstyne was in the country with her father when they reached New York, so they did not see her.

The Emerson country home was ready for them. Geraldine, always adaptable, made the most capable housekeeper. Her position as Emerson's wife was assured, and she accepted it with an easy grace that gained many friends for her. As she grew older, she gradually assumed leadership in both church and social circles. A formal, orthodox religion became a vital part of her life. The honesty which her husband's hatred of secretiveness and her own position had forced upon her at first, finally became the mainspring of her own nature. The trickery and deceit of past years seemed hideous.

When her boy, Beldon, was born, she determined that no taint of her dishonesty should develop in him. Indulgent to the boy in all other respects, she was inconceivably harsh to him when she saw on his part the slightest swerving from the truth. As Beldon grew older, she noticed with happiness his frank, open ways. "He is honest, like his father," she thought. "Oh, I am so glad!"

The years sped swiftly by. Geraldine expanded and developed in the sunshine of her content. Her deceitfulness of the past years was almost forgotten, and the haunting fear of punishment was lost in the peace which she was building up around her. Her husband was never failing in love and devotion; her boy—her beautiful, open-hearted boy was the delight of her heart. She was proud of his brilliancy, but her greatest pleasure was in the absolute honesty of his nature. She fairly reveled in it.

One afternoon in March, a cold, blustering day, Geraldine sat alone in the library. Her husband had been called away on business. She was thinking of her boy, who was just beginning his spring term at college. It was growing dark; the maid had lighted several of the shaded candles and had departed. A tea table stood on the hearth rug, the tea-kettle singing cheerily. The woman sat beside it, idly measuring tea from the caddy. Suddenly the door opened.

"Mrs. Emerson, Mr. Beldon is here," announced the maid.

"Beldon here? That's odd. Why, my dear boy!" and crossing quickly

to her son, who had just entered, she threw her arms around his neck. "What is the matter? Aren't you well? When did you come?" Her hands slipped to his shoulders while she smiled at him, lovingly. The boy returned her caress only half-heartedly.

"Oh, I'm well enough," he said.

"Then sit down in that easy chair, dear, and tell me all about it." Beldon dropped heavily into the chair. His mother leaned toward him with an adoring smile. "Dear, tell me the truth. Were you homesick?"

"Oh, Mother! for goodness' sake don't joke. I'm fired!"

"Fired? Expelled, you mean? Beldon! Why?"

"Cards!"

"Cards?"

"Yes! Good Lord, can't you understand? I cheated!"

"Cheated? At cards? You?"

"Yes," he affirmed, heavily, "cheated—and won!"

The mother sat in stricken silence, her eyes fastened on the boy's face. As she gazed, a little smile curved his lips—a queer, crooked little smile. The woman's breath came with an effort.

"Yes," repeated Beldon dully, "I cheated—and won."

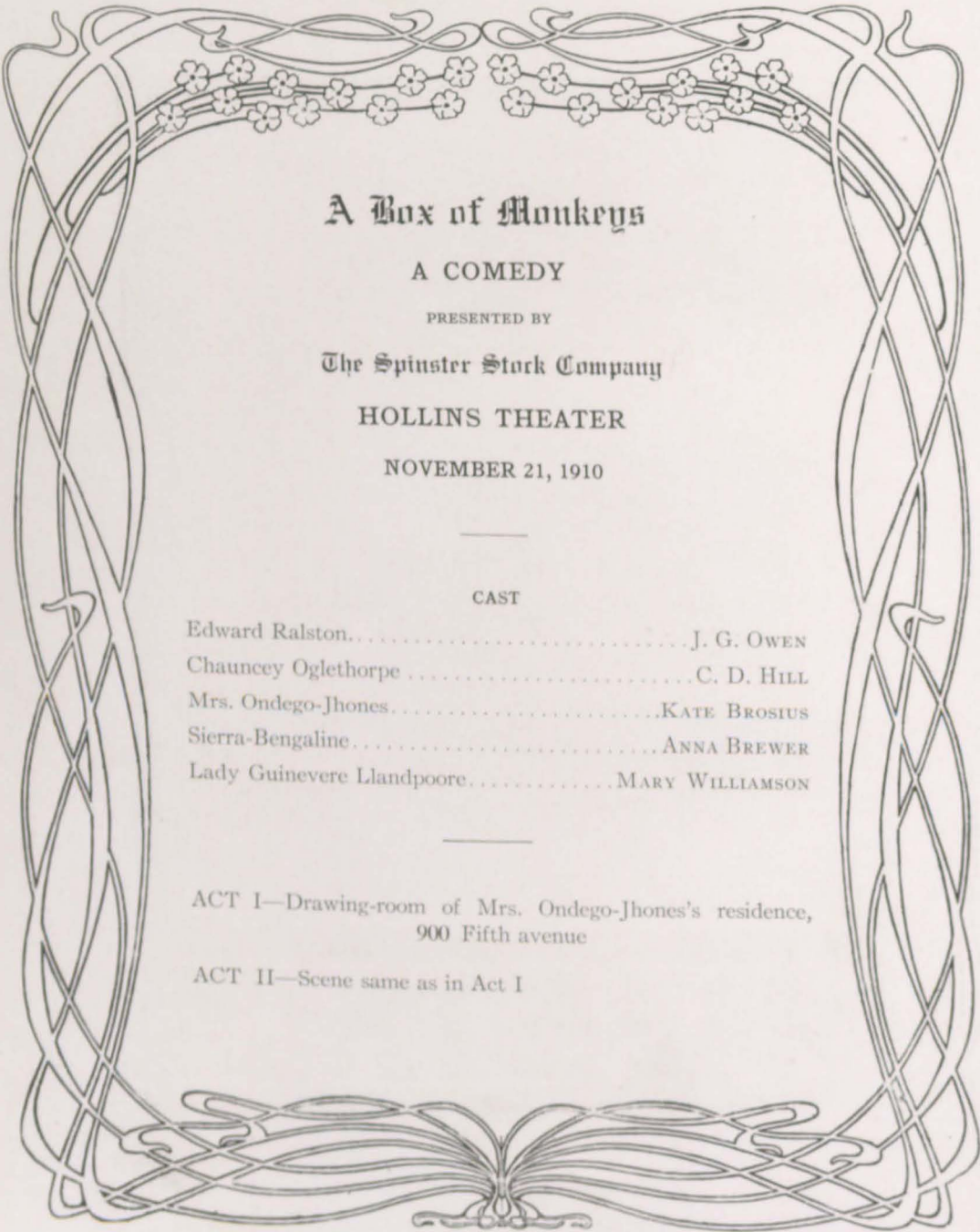
Geraldine rose to her feet. She began feeling her way from the room. Beldon looked into her face, terrified. It was congealed into hard lines. As she passed him, he caught at her hand, but she pushed him aside, unheeding. As she went through the door, he saw her face again. The eyes stared into vacancy; the lips were moving.

"Cheated—and won!" she whispered, "—and lost! Oh, my God! And lost!"

VIRGINIA WATROUS.







A Box of Monkeys

A COMEDY

PRESENTED BY

The Spinster Stock Company

HOLLINS THEATER

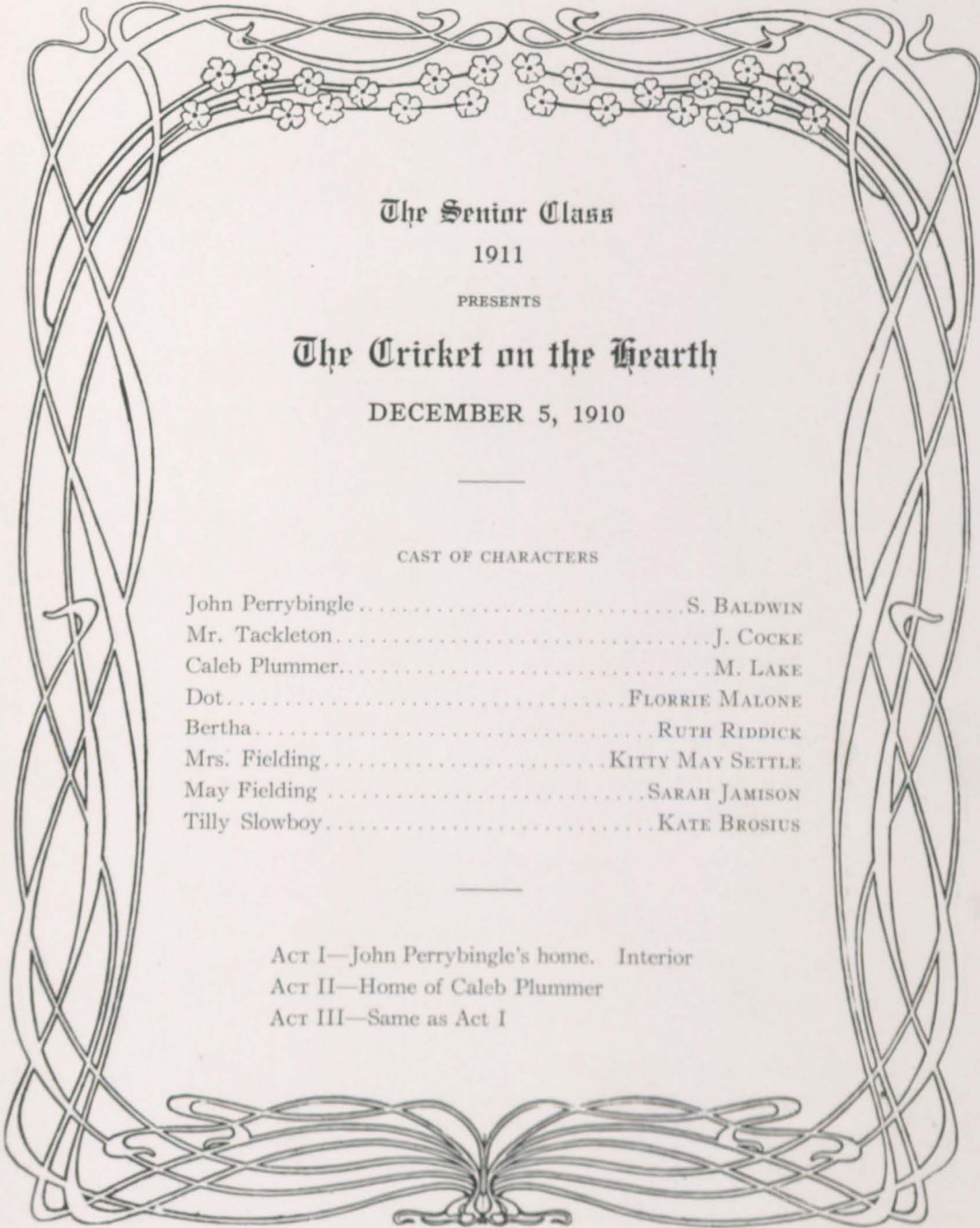
NOVEMBER 21, 1910

CAST

Edward Ralston.....	J. G. OWEN
Chauncey Oglethorpe	C. D. HILL
Mrs. Ondego-Jhones.....	KATE BROSIUS
Sierra-Bengaline.....	ANNA BREWER
Lady Guinevere Llandpoore.....	MARY WILLIAMSON

ACT I—Drawing-room of Mrs. Ondego-Jhones's residence,
900 Fifth avenue

ACT II—Scene same as in Act I



The Senior Class

1911

PRESENTS

The Cricket on the Hearth

DECEMBER 5, 1910

CAST OF CHARACTERS

John Perrybingle.....	S. BALDWIN
Mr. Tackleton.....	J. COCKE
Caleb Plummer.....	M. LAKE
Dot.....	FLORRIE MALONE
Bertha.....	RUTH RIDDICK
Mrs. Fielding.....	KITTY MAY SETTLE
May Fielding.....	SARAH JAMISON
Tilly Slowboy.....	KATE BROSIUS

ACT I—John Perrybingle's home. Interior

ACT II—Home of Caleb Plummer

ACT III—Same as Act I

The Faculty Presents
 THE COMEDY
Jack Straw
 HOLLINS, VIRGINIA
 FEBRUARY 27, 1911

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Jack Straw	MR. TURNER
Ambrose Holland, his friend	MR. CUMMINGS
Lord Serlo	MR. RATH
Count Adrian Von Bremer	MR. DEHAAS
Mrs. Parker-Jennings	MISS SNEAD
Ethel, her daughter	MISS WILLIAMSON
Lady Wanley	MRS. RATH
Mrs. Rosie Abbott	MISS PELL
Mrs. Withers	MRS. HOFFMAN

ACT I—The Grand Babylon Hotel, London

ACT II—Taverner, the Parker-Jennings Place in Cheshire

ACT III—The same

TIME—Present

My Wife

A COMEDY

PRESENTED BY

The Euzelian Stock Company

HOLLINS THEATER

MARCH 6, 1911

CAST

Gerald Eversleigh	I. MOODY
The Hon. Gibson Gore (Gibby)	K. C. BROSIUS
M. Dupre	A. E. STRIEBINGER
Baron Granclos	E. NETTERVILLE
M. Valboure	M. WIGGIN
M. Potin	A. SMITH
Davies, Eversleigh's butler	E. ANGIER
Rene Falandres	E. MOORE
Head Waiter at Hotel Bellevue	E. ANGIER
Beatrice Dupre (Trixie)	FLORRIE MALONE
Miriam Hawthorne	ANNA MUCKLEROY
Baroness Granclos	RUTH SIMPSON
Madame Dupre	KITTY MAY SETTLE

ACT I. Gerald Eversleigh's Flat, Mount Street, 11 p. m.

ACT II. The Hotel Bellevue, on Swiss Frontier, two months later.

ACT III. Gerald Eversleigh's Flat, the next day.

NO SCENERY

The Euphonia Literary Society

PRESENTS

On Parole

HOLLINS THEATER

APRIL 3, 1911

CAST

General Randolph Pinkney L. P. TUCKER
Capt. Robert Pinkney, his son J. COCKE
Judge Tucker Robinson H. HARRIS
Major Francis Dale of U. S. A. W. MUSE
Capt. Alan Fraser of U. S. A. M. HEARSEY
Tom Cress H. RUSSELL
Sam F. BROWN
(An old negro slave to Cress)
Jefferson H. NETHERLANDS
(Negro servant at the Pinkney place)
Constance Pinkney KATE MEHLIG
(The General's daughter)
Miss Polly Pinkney KATHERINE CALLAWAY
(The General's sister)
Anita Robinson NANNETTE WILLIS
(The Judge's daughter)
Lucy Cress DOUGLAS HILL
(Tom Cress's daughter)

ACT I—Tom Cress's shack on the Rappahannock River, Va.

ACT II—The living room at the Pinkney Place

ACT III—The same, three days later

ACT IV—The garden of the Pinkney Place, a year later

The Junior Class

PRESENTS

A Bunch of Roses

BY

DOUGLAS HILL

Songs—ELISABETH THOMPSON

Original Music—MAMIE SINGLETON

Director—MISS CLARA GAYLE THORNHILL

CAST

MRS. HECUBA JONES, of Troy, N. Y.

Roses

Older daughters of Mrs. Jones

ELOISE BUCHER	GRACE MCCOY
ELMA ROSSER	LAURA CHAPMAN
JEANNETTE HUBBELL	LOIS EMBREE

Rosebuds

Younger daughters of Mrs. Jones

HATTIE JANES	ELIZABETH REYNOLDS
MADA ROUNTREE	MAMIE SINGLETON
HAZEL RUSSELL	RUTH CRUPPER

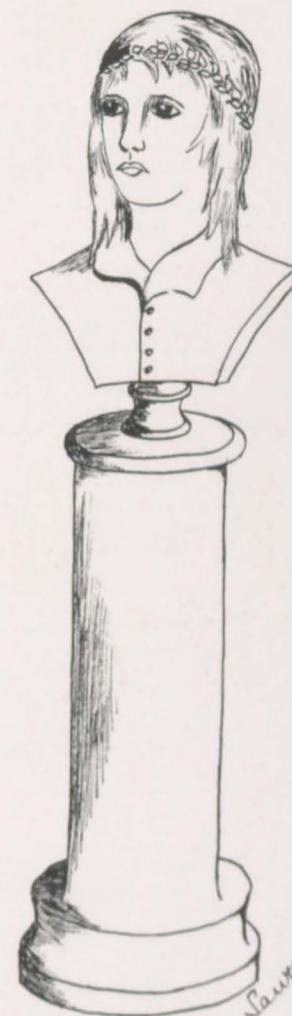
Maids

MRS. RATH	MARGARET INGRAM
DOUGLAS HILL	ELISABETH THOMPSON
RACHEL WILSON	DAISY PACK

French Maid	HELEN HARRIS
Melvin Melrose	J. OWEN
Alexander Holmes	D. B. JUDKINS
Anastatious Hohenzollern	M. P. SCOTT

Porters

E. HARRIS	M. BOONE
SCENE I—Botetourt Springs Hotel, No Man's Land	
SCENE II—The Same	
TIME—Just after Commencement	



POET'S CORNER



The Battle of the Cats

There was a sound of caterwauling by night,
 And Hollins Faculty did gather then
 Her beauty and her chivalry, and bright
 The candles shone o'er brave women and fair men.
 Did ye not hear it? No, 'twas but the wind,
 Or e'en the whistle in the early dawn;
 Back to your beds, let sleep be undisturbed,
 Sleep, peaceful sleep, and happy sleep, till morn.
 But hark! that piercing shriek breaks in once more,
 And nearer, clearer, deadlier than before.
 Arm! Arm! it is old Princeton's yell,
 And grey cat, black cat, white cat, kittens all,
 Leap from the dark and answer to the call!
 On, on, they come, and sweep with deafening roar
 Through the West Building along the second floor,
 From Turner end to Dickinson, by Boyd and Bayne,
 A fight at Thornhill's door and down the middle again,
 And shriek gives place to shriek and cry to cry.
 While Princeton, spitting, snarling, makes the fur to fly.
 And wild and high the feline's gathering rose!
 The Princeton war-note, which the Tinker hills
 Have heard, and heard, too, have more distant foes,
 How in the noon of night that war-cry thrills
 Savage and shrill! And how from downy bed
 The peaceful sleeper springs with awful dread,
 And in her heart the fell intent to kill,
 And seeks a weapon she can use with skill.
 Ah! then and there was hurrying to and fro,
 And eyes were cruel which some hours ago
 Had closed in quiet, happy, well-earned sleep.
 Now Dickinson and Bayne in wrappers blue,
 One with a brush in hand and one a shoe,
 Went dashing forward with impetuous speed,
 And met with Boyd high mounted on a trunk
 With heavy stick and long to do the deed.
 On came the elder Bayne in wrapper blue,
 Waving in either hand a Turner shoe,
 And e'en a candle stick in case of need.
 Ah! there was something doing on that hall
 A scramble, hissing, snarling, then a fall!
 And from the floor below a voice cried "scat,"
 A deep, sonorous voice, and soon the cat,
 A little weary and a little ill,
 In darkness glided off, and all was still—
 In peaceful, quiet sleep and soft moonlight
 The old Main Building stood on that eventful night,
 While Williamson and Peyton, side by side,
 Stirred gently as they dreamed dear Princeton cried.
 And when a tired form at peep o'day
 Crept very meekly in, the accustomed way,
 With little of her pristine beauty there,
 Save half a tail and grin and hank of hair,
 A doting hand pushed coverlid aside
 And laid the gallant Princeton at her side.

Limericks

There's a lassie at Hollins named Early,
 So charming this dainty young girlie,
 She has beaux a plenty,
 From fourteen to twenty,
 Because she began with them early.

There was a young lady named Rudd,
 Who wore others' clothes when she could,
 And many the guesses
 Whose P. T.'s and dresses
 She spoiled when she fell in the mud.

There is a young lady whose eyes
 Are filled with embarrassed surprise,
 When the girls said, "Oh, Mary!
 It's scandalous, very,
 For you to be mesmerized!"

At Hollins our sweet Violet
 Is clad as a charming cadet,
 She posed for a picture,
 Which surely bewitched her,
 And maybe she's standing there yet.

There was a girl called Eloise,
Such a charming young girl, if you please,
That each night she must kiss
All her darlings, nor miss
Even one who fell on her knees.

There was a young lady named Hill,
Who was often exceedingly ill;
When asked, "What's the matter?"
She screamed, "Stop your chatter!"
And was moody and moodier still.

There once was a lady named Owen,
Whose rep has been steadily growin';
That she dances and acts
Are two well-known facts,
As for sing—Oh, that darling Miss Owen!

Miss Phillips, as oft heard to say,
Grows thinner and thinner each day;
And judging from looks,
And her fondness for books,
We fear she may soon fade away.

A young lady named Harris (they say)
Is a wonder at writing, yes? eh?
Now, if she did essay
To write an essay,
Would s-a be the way to spell say?

There was a young lady named Ruth,
Who'd a passion for walking, forsooth,
Now, although she'd confess,
She walks north, east, and west,
That she'd go to the pole is no truth.

Of a lady named Angier 't is said
That she really had got on ahead,
Yet it took, some will say,
Until Thanksgiving Day
To learn she was forward instead.

Some people say that cleanliness to godliness is next,
Yet in this School we find it proved by neither sign nor text;
But long ago in K. K. K. a Keep Klean Klub we see
This, for with Frances Mitchell they're as good as they can be.

There was an old woman whose name was Phi Mu,
Who had so many children she didn't know what to do;
Yet here the tale differs from that one of yore,
For she got them in clubs—and she wished for some more.

At Hollins when the snow was thick,
And all the steps were icy slick,
I heard a bump, I heard a cry,
I rushed to ask the reason why,
And Mary Bouknight made reply,
Though she was rolling rapidly.

College Social Exams and Theories Proved

In everything is unity, our history teacher said,
Yet from $\mathbf{K} \Delta$, without a doubt, the unity has fled,
And this we prove by calculus and strict analogy
That $\mathbf{K} \Delta$ is not everything we all may plainly see.

Given a hat and a face quite hid,
And a coat and a great big muff—find "Did."

If Jokers threw a thousand eggs,
And Maskers threw a peck,
How long would it take both of them
To get it in the neck?

You see the letters A. D. A., a really simple name,
If backward turned or forward turned, 't will always be the same;
But this is where a theory quite strange we may expound—
Ada will not be the same if Ada is turned down.

Given the triangle $\Sigma \Sigma \Sigma$
And a B line made for the point AB;
Now, if that is straight in this dreadful test,
Prove that it is equal to S. O. D.

Curly Locks, Curly Locks, why do you smile?
I've been to Hollins to look at the style;
Curly Locks, Curly Locks, what found you there?
I wasn't in it, with Kate Mehlig's hair.

Once a young matron named Collins
Came to take vocal at Hollins,
She said, "Oh, my, yes,
Indeed, I do guess,
I certainly do believe in darlings."

Jack and Tuck, their general luck,
On skates were seized with laughter,
Jack fell down—the deed to crown,
While Tuck came tumbling after.

She met her in a public room,
Upon a Thursday night;
We cannot readily assume
She did exactly right,
For though it is quite practical
When used to practice scales,
When used to practice spooning—well,
Our dictionary fails.

Laura Lee, Laura Lee, where have you been?
I've been out sporting my T. A. R. pin;
Laura Lee, Laura Lee, what found you there?
I found a mouse for our Helen to wear.

There once was a lady named Bucher,
Who is counted a very good looker;
On darlings, 't is plain,
She will go quite *insane*,
Though some say that none have "forsook her."

There once was a thing called a shriek,
That followed a sound called a creak,
But sad to relate,
In the annals of Fate
They sank to a wail called a squeak.

Calvin has his "Institutes,"
Minor had some, too,
Hollins was one years and years,
That is very true.
What every maid may surely do,
(This you must acknowledge),
So sweet Miss Hollins now has done,
Changed her name—to College.

Social Alphabet

A is for Ada, it oft might be worse
Than the first should be last and the last should be first.

B is for Blackball, not harmless, yet still
It's quite often used when one doesn't care for a "pill."

C is for Clubs—it's a trick in these parts
That they're oft made on diamonds, though sometimes on hearts.

D is for D. T. B., some say, indeed,
That they've lived twenty years and are now run to seed.

E. long ago, Eta Hunka Pi,
Evidently it killed, we all wonder why?

F. Oh you First Year Girl, now go you slow,
For no one will tell you, because you shouldn't know.

G is for "Gop" and for Glee Club, you see,
For that's all that it means, we all quite agree.

H is for Hallowe'en, when fun and frolic abound,
And our Goddess of Warmth goes to her home underground.

I is for I. D. B., some people say,
Is a modern edition of old K(eep) K(lean) K(lub).

J is for Joker—Miss Williamson begs
That the School takes a lesson from them—don't throw eggs.

K—K. K. K. and their motto, they say,
Think not of the future but live in to-day.

L. Little Sisters, who once when quite naughty,
Were changed into Dragons, they're now very haughty.

M is for Mummy—do try to get in,
It's quite inexpensive, their badge is of tin.

N—Naughty Naught, a word to the wise—
Get an honor, your chances will visibly rise.

O is for Organizations so many,
Their object, it seems, is to get your last penny.

P. Phi Mu Gamma of various sizes,
From diminutive "Bobbie" to Moody it rises.

P also, Phi Mu and their one other name,
A young student body, who's hoping for fame.

Q is for Quarrel, the first rule of all,
And the weapon of "frats," both the great and the small.

R is for Rising Bell, heartless it seems,
For 't will oft bring you down from the land of your dreams.

S is for Sigma, who'll give you no slight;
They've just lately "riz," and they are very polite.

T is for T. A. R., really quite nice (?)
And their rivals, they say, are the Ten Little Mice.

U—here's to you, may you make one and all,
And your pleasures be great and your bills quite small!

V is for Vote in Society cast,
And for Visitors, too, who're done speaking at last.

And as for X, Y, and Z,
They are left for the frats and the clubs yet to be.

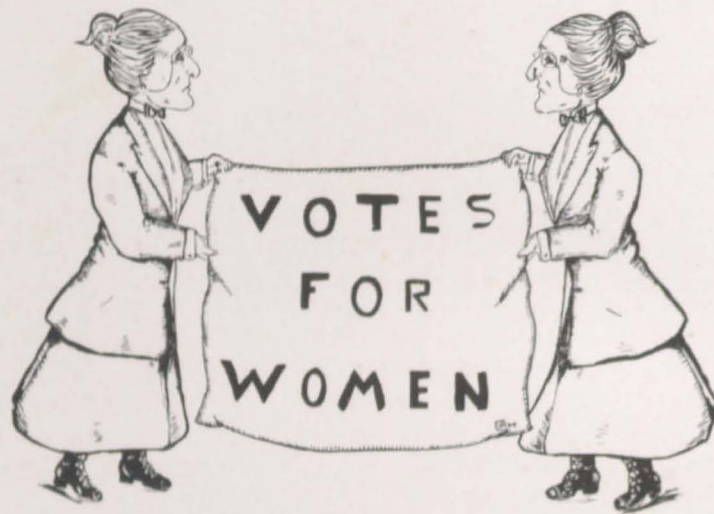


Calendar

- April 11 Reception given by Phi Mu Sorority.
Reading by Mrs. Koontz-Baker of Maeterlinck's "Bluebird."
- April 25 Spring Concert.
- April 30 Open Debate between Euepian and Euzelian Literary Societies.
- May 2 May Day. Play given by Fairies of Freya, "Three Golden Apples." Marguerite Geer was May Queen.
- May 7 Soirée by pupils of Dr. Hoffman.
- May 9 Cotillion.
- May 16 French Recital.
- May 23 Recital given by Ruth Abbot and Mae Fair Looney, candidates for graduation in Music.
- May 27 Final Cotillion.
Banquet of Gamma Omicron Pi Sorority.

May 28 Tennis Tournament.
 Senior Reception.
 Senior Bonfire.
 Senior Banquet.
 Banquet of Delta Tau Beta Sorority.
May 29 Baccalaureate Sermon by Dr. Wilson, of Harrisonburg, Va.
May 30 Class Day.
 Luncheon to Seniors by Juniors.
 Banquet of Kappa Delta Sorority.
 Continuation of Tennis Tournament, Ruth Reynolds Champion.
 Alumnae Banquet.
 Recital given by Alma McConihay and Leonora Nottingham, candidates for graduation in Music.
May 31 Awarding of Distinctions.
 Commencement Concert.
June 1 Awarding of Diplomas by Dr. Pleasants, Dean of the Faculty.
 Address by Dr. Poteat, of South Carolina.
September 21 School opens.
September 26 Y. W. C. A. Reception.
October 10 Reading by Mr. Underhill, from Brooklyn, of Sheridan's "Rivals."
October 17 Faculty Recital.
October 24 Recital of Madame Birdice Blye.
October 26 Tinker Day.
October 29 Recital of Mrs. De Haas.
October 31 Hallowe'en.
 Play given by Fairies of Freya.
November 5 Lecture by Dr. Kent, of the University of Virginia, on the "Passion Play."
November 14 Soirée.
November 21 Spinster Play, "A Box of Monkeys."
November 24 Thanksgiving Day.
 Basket Ball Game between Mohicans and Yemassee. Victory for Mohicans.
 Reception and Basket Ball Banquet.
November 26 Mr. Charles Washburn's Informal Recital.
November 28 Mr. Washburn's Recital.
 Virginia Club Reception.

December 5 Senior Play, "Cricket on the Hearth."
December 12 Faculty Play, "Music Master."
December 15 Fall Concert.
December 16 Christmas Holiday begins.
January 3 School opens.
January 7 Piano Recital by Miss Rosalie Thornton, alumna of Hollins.
January 16 Cotillion.
January 18 Reading of Henry IV by Mr. Hannibal Williams.
January 21 Lee Evening of Euepian Society.
 Address by Mr. Moore, of the University of Virginia.
 Reception to Speaker by Society.
February 6 Play by Dramatic Club, "Three Shrieks at Midnight."
February 11 Reading by Mrs. Hannibal Williams of "Romeo and Juliet."
February 13 Soirée.
February 20 String Quartet.
February 21 Founder's Day.
 Hollins changes its name to Hollins College.
 Address by Dr. Dargan, of South Carolina.
 Luncheon by Sophomores to Seniors.
February 24-26 Y. W. C. A. Conference.
February 25 Reception to Delegates.
February 27 Faculty Play, "Jack Straw."
March 2-3 Dr. Ryland Knight on Missions.
March 4 Recital by Mr. and Mrs. De Haas.
March 6 Euzelian Play, "My Wife."
March 10 SPINSTER goes to press.



Prettiest.....JEANNETTE HUBBELL
 Handsomest.....LAURA LEE COONEY
 Most Stylish.....MARIE MANN
 Most Blasé.....MADELINE HIX
 Most Womanly.....HELEN HARRIS
 Most Fickle.....AGNES FULLER
 Most Talented.....LAURA LEE COONEY
 Wittiest.....KATE BROSIUS
 Best Actress.....KATE BROSIUS
 Biggest Bluffer.....ANNA MUCKLEROY
 Most Democratic.....FLORRIE MALONE
 Best All Around.....FLORRIE MALONE
 Faculty Pet.....CATHERINE CALLAWAY
 Strongest Personality.....JEANIE COCKE
 Most Attractive.....JEANIE COCKE
 Most Original.....DOUGLAS HILL
 Most Sentimental.....ELMA ROSSER

Most Athletic.....FLORRIE MALONE
 Cutest.....FRANCES OATES
 Most Intellectual.....FRANCES MITCHELL
 Most Reliable.....FRANCES MITCHELL
 Laziest.....HILDA SORENSON
 Best Dancer.....ANNA BREWER
 Most Exclusive.....LOIS MONTGOMERY
 Most Popular.....FLORRIE MALONE
 Most Enthusiastic.....FLORRIE MALONE
 Best Musician.....MAMIE SINGLETON
 Most Dignified.....HELEN HARRIS
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 Brightest.....WILLIE MUSE
 Queen of Hearts.....LAURA TUCKER



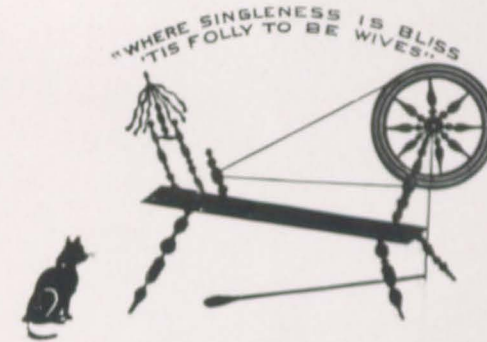
Here endeth Volume XIV of the Hollins Yearbook which is a Memory Book seeking to preserve some of the most memorable features and events of 1911 and given into the hands of the Hollins girls as the latest record of their college life. The matter of this book has been composed by the Spinsters and their friends; the borders and posters being designed by artists of renown; and the whole made into a printed volume under the direction of the Chief Spinster.

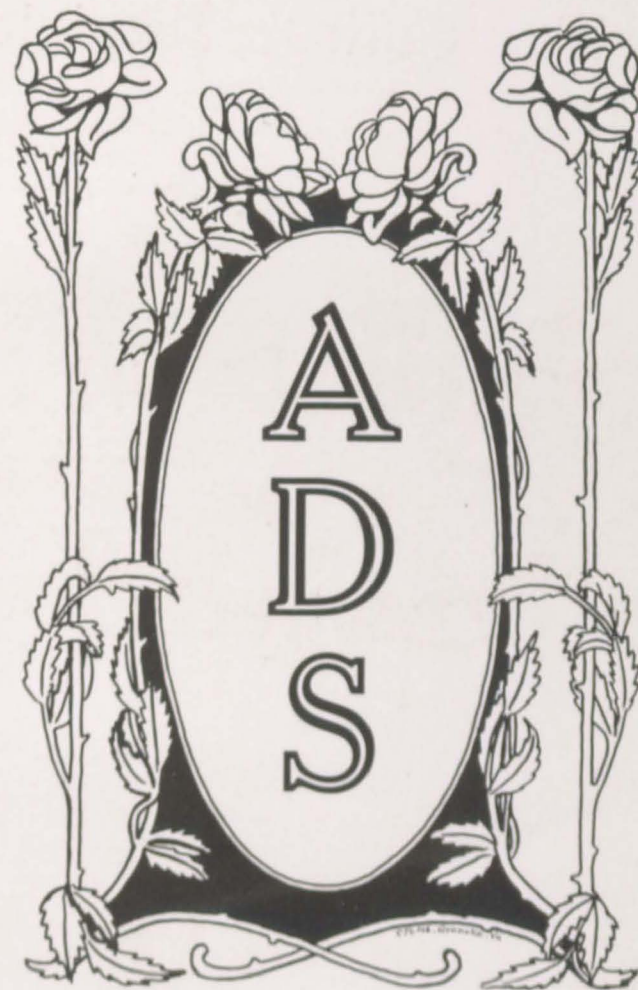
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SESSION 1910-11

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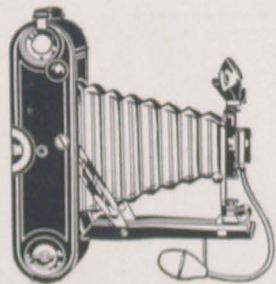
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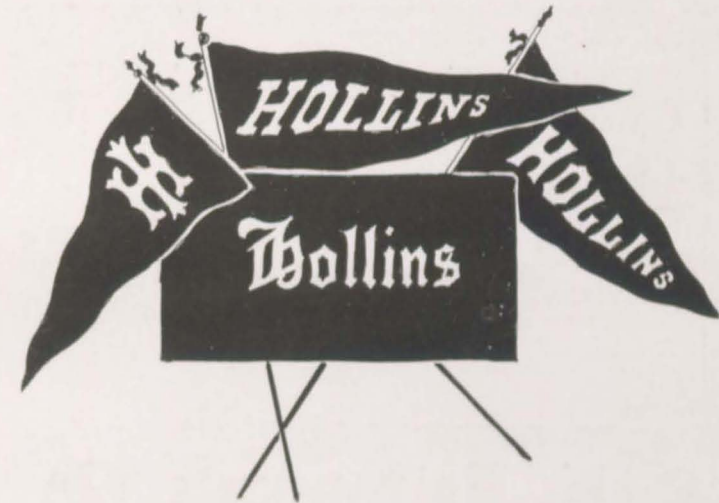
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